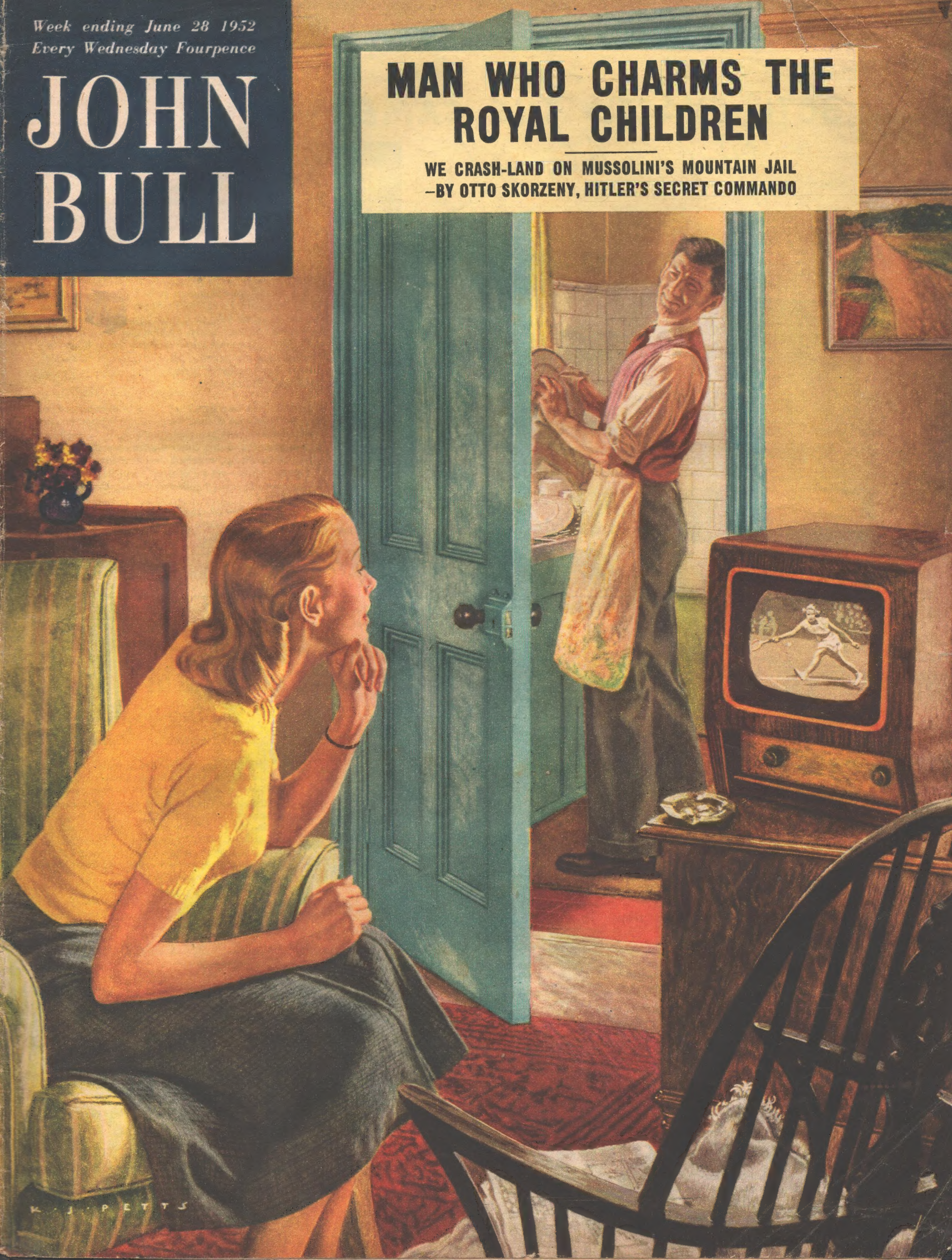
Week ending June 28 1952
Every Wednesday Fourpence

JOHN BULL

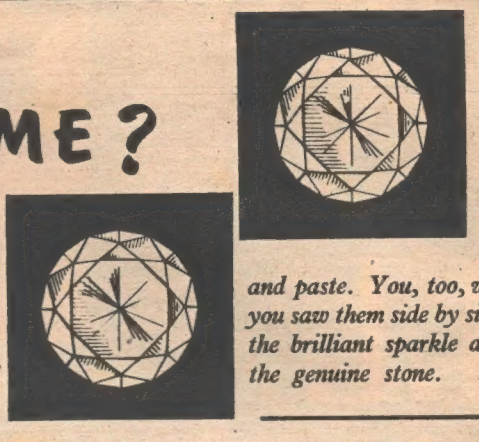
MAN WHO CHARMS THE ROYAL CHILDREN

WE CRASH-LAND ON MUSSOLINI'S MOUNTAIN JAIL
—BY OTTO SKORZENY, HITLER'S SECRET COMMANDO



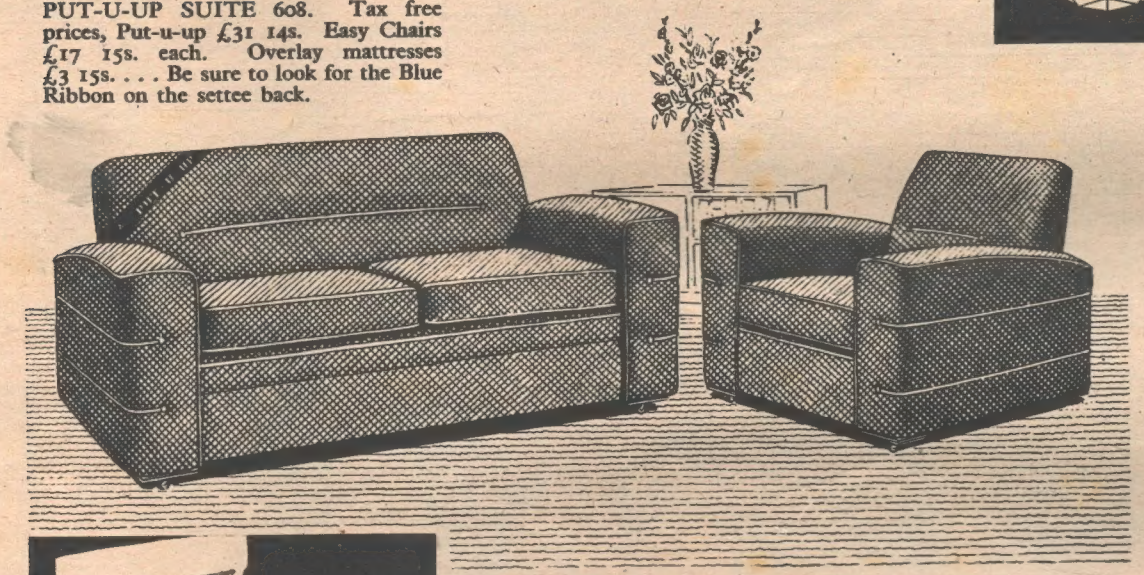
BOTH EXACTLY THE SAME?

Don't you believe it!



An expert can tell at a glance the difference between a real diamond and paste. You, too, would see the difference if you saw them side by side. There's no mistaking the brilliant sparkle and the hard blue fire of the genuine stone.

PUT-U-UP SUITE 608. Tax free prices, Put-u-up £31 14s. Easy Chairs £17 15s. each. Overlay mattresses £3 15s. . . . Be sure to look for the Blue Ribbon on the settee back.



All Put-u-ups are settee-beds but not all settee-beds are Put-u-ups! Put-u-up invented the settee-bed over forty-five years ago—and have been improving it ever since. Other settee-beds might look the same—but they do not incorporate the time-tested mechanism, all the modern improvements and exclusive features that make Put-u-up such outstanding value.

After all, you buy furniture for a lifetime's service. So you'll be wise to look for the Blue Ribbon on the settee-back—your guarantee that it is a genuine Put-u-up. Put-u-ups conceal a full-size double bed that can be set up, with bed clothes ready for use, in a few moments—yet a Put-u-up Suite will furnish a living-room in really handsome style for daytime use.

don't be misled—insist on the genuine

PUT·U·UP

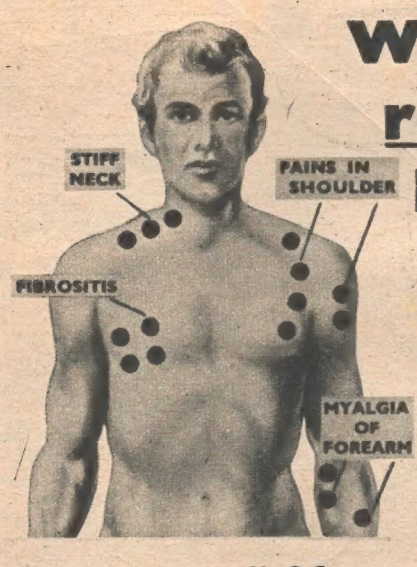
REGD TRADE MARK

Write for illustrated literature giving details of the many designs available to Dept. J8B, Greaves & Thomas Ltd. (wholesale only), Clapton, E.5.

from all Furnishers

PUT-U-UP SHOWROOMS · 3 Princes Street, Regent Street, W.1 · Wolfenden Street, Bolton

---



Where is the root of your Rheumatism?

HERE IS NEWS for Rheumatic Sufferers! A new treatment for the relief of pain has been discovered!

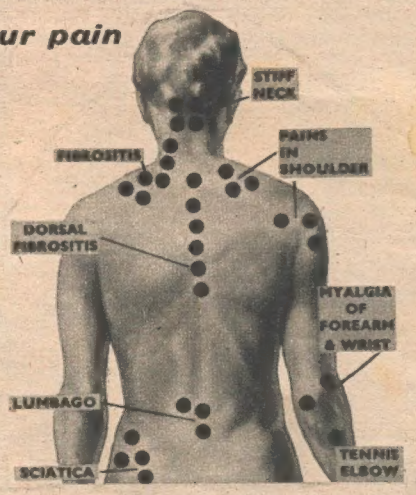
Its secret is to apply a new massage cream, not only where you feel the pain, but also on what Doctors call the myalgic or 'Trigger' spots, which are often some distance away.

One Harley Street doctor, a little while ago, reported remarkable results with this cream in over 1,000 cases of all forms of Rheumatism, including Fibrositis, Lumbago, Sciatica, etc. It has also been tested and used by Hospitals and Doctors all over the country.

How to get relief from your pain

This same cream is now available for your own use at home under the name of Lloyd's Adrenaline Cream. All you have to do to secure relief from your pain is to rub in this cream, not only where you feel the pain but also in the 'Trigger' spots, as explained and illustrated in the leaflet enclosed with every jar of the genuine Lloyd's. It is most important to follow these instructions. Otherwise you will fail to secure the full benefit.

The genuine Lloyd's Adrenaline Cream can be obtained from any chemist, including all branches of Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors, at 5/- & 7/- a jar. Get some today and prove for yourself how rapidly it brings relief.



IMPORTANT WARNING
Be sure to insist on Lloyd's Adrenaline Cream, the cream used in the clinical tests upon which this treatment is based. Lloyd's is the brand described in "*The Lancet*" ('50.II.395) as the "most satisfactory . . ."

LLOYD'S ADRENALINE CREAM

SOLE MANUFACTURERS: HOWARD LLOYD & CO. LTD., LEICESTER

Makers of Fine Pharmaceuticals to the Medical Profession since 1880

Oh-oh-Dry Scalp!

Can't miss it, can you? That dry lifeless, *scruffy* look, or maybe flakes of dandruff in the parting and on the collar. It all shouts "Dry Scalp" loud and clear!

Scruffy hair? Girls hate it!

End Dry Scalp

and notice the difference

GIRLS hate 'scruffy' hair — hair that's dry, lifeless or flecked with dandruff. These things mean Dry Scalp — and Dry Scalp *can* be dealt with.

All you need is a daily 20-second massage with 'Vaseline' Brand Hair Tonic. Work it in gently, moving the whole scalp; and this crystal-clear tonic and dressing will end Dry Scalp.

Your hair will look better and your scalp will *feel* better. And remember—'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is very economical at 2/9d and 4/3d (inc. tax).

What a difference 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic makes! Your hair looks much better and your scalp *feels* much better when you call in that crystal-clear hair tonic. Get a bottle right away!

Vaseline* HAIR TONIC

THE DRESSING THAT ENDS DRY SCALP

4186-7

* "Vaseline" is the registered trade mark of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co. Ltd.

Standing fast in Berlin

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY miles behind the Iron Curtain, encircled and squeezed by the organized hatred of the Communist world, lives a 2,000,000-strong community of many races—Berlin.

It could be swamped by the Red Army in a few bloody hours.

"But," says Dean Acheson, United States Secretary of State, "we have agreed to stick it out together in Berlin." The British, the Americans and the French, adds Anthony Eden, are determined "to treat any attack on Berlin from any quarter as an attack upon their forces and themselves."

WITH the coming of this year's summer the heat was turned on again in Berlin, putting the Allies' resolution to the test.

Instead of what General Bourne, last year's British commandant, called "pinpricks," the Russians used methods designed to make our position there almost impossible.

Interruption of road, rail and canal services, cutting of telephones, "pinching out" of Berlin border districts such as Eiskeller and Steinstucken, interference with patrols, raids over the sector borders, squabbles about streets and even a cemetery, kidnappings, a continual working up of tension—these moves have all been part of the Communist campaign.

TOGETHER they have added up to the most serious menace to Berlin since 1948, when the Soviet blockade led to the starting of the air lift. That was the Russians' first serious attempt to force us out of Berlin, and it failed because they recoiled when they realized that the Allies meant business.

Should we, if necessary, go through all that effort and expense again this year? Many people are asking that question. "If the Reds want Berlin so much," they say, "why not let them have it? Then perhaps they will be more reasonable about other things."

Last time the air lift went on for fifteen months, during which Allied aircraft made 300,000 flights to the capital, carrying in over 3,000,000 tons of food, coal and other supplies, and flying out much of the city's industrial production.

It was then proved that a great city can live by its air communications alone if necessary—but it was an expensive experiment which cost this country £10,000,000 and the Americans more than three times as much.

IT is probably fair to say now that it was a mistake in the first place to agree to the isolation of a bit of "the West" in the middle of Communist-ruled territory. Ever since the agreement which gave America, France and Britain charge of parts of Berlin, those parts have been like a raft moored off a friendly coast — a raft surrounded by sharks.

It put us in a position not only militarily untenable, but one which gave the Russians a hostage and a master-switch if ever they wanted to start a war. The deliberate shooting down of a single air-lift plane by a Russian fighter could have started that war in 1948. A major provocation by the Russians or their German stooges could send civilization up in flames today.

BUT there can be no going back. Berlin has become more than a city and more than just a Western outpost. It is now the key to Germany, just as Germany is the key to Europe.

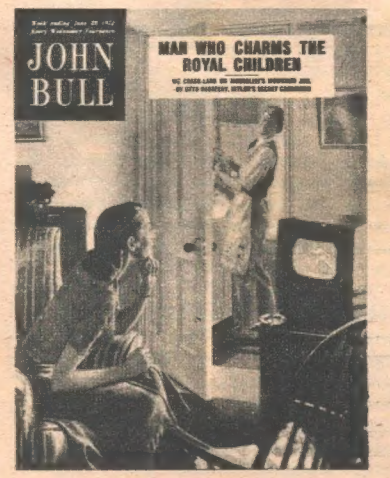
If the Allies were to let the Communists have Berlin, the confidence of the West Germans would be so shaken that they might themselves drift — or even leap — into the Russian camp.

And a Germany united under Communist rule—a gigantic and powerful new satellite of Moscow—would make the military defence of the rest of the Continent very difficult indeed.

ABOVE all else, Berlin has become a symbol—a symbol of the determination of the West. And so, each day we stand fast there is, in itself, a victory.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

A HUSBAND today accepts washing-up as an inevitable part of the marriage bond. But if he buys a TV set, he really sticks his neck out. For when shows like this week's tennis at Wimbledon come on, his wife will curl up happily, and he will become a mere background noise in her life. Not that the husband on K. J. Petts's cover minds—he gets his own back when the cricket's on. As for Petts, he refuses to own a set.



"Here, Daddy—I thought the Cydrax was for us!"

"That's right dear — for all of us! . . . ."

"... but YOU keep drinking it!"

Doubtless the clean, clear, *thirst-quenching* tang of those famous Devonshire apples has something to do with its zestful reception ... but whatever the reasons for its popularity, one thing is certain ...

Everybody loves

WHITEWAY'S

CYDRAX

NON-ALCOHOLIC

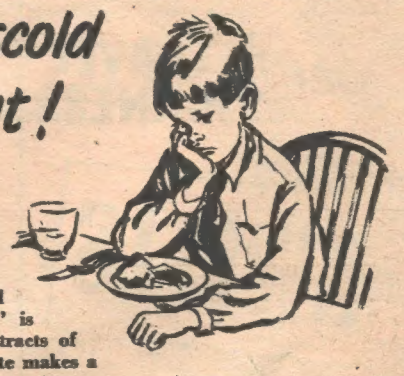
ONLY 1/6 PER FLAGON

Deposit on bottle

WHITEWAYS CYDER CO. LTD., WHIMPLE, DEVON

CX3

MOTHER, don't scold if he won't eat!



When children are cross or irritable and lose interest in their food, it's often due to 'stasis' or sluggish bowels. You should never ignore this condition, for healthy children are always ready for their meals and need no coaxing.

To restore eager appetite, high spirits and rosy cheeks 'California Syrup of Figs' is Mother's natural choice. Containing extracts of both senna and ripe figs, its pleasant taste makes a special appeal to youngsters.

So if 'stasis' is the cause of your child being out of sorts, remember that 'California Syrup of Figs', gentle but sure in action, will soon restore regularity. Price 1/6 & 3/-.

'California Syrup of Figs'

ALSO BRANDED 'CALIFIG' FOR SHORT

The words 'California Syrup of Figs' and 'Califig' are registered trade marks.

Be REGULAR without EFFORT

Here is good news for those who have trouble in keeping their systems 'regular'.

A special laxative—'Mil-Par'* is now on sale which will give them just the help they need. Actually it is a very fine combination of

'MILK OF MAGNESIA'* with a selected grade of **MEDICINAL PARAFFIN**

'Milk of Magnesia' is, of course, unrivalled as a mild antacid-laxative. Together with Medicinal Paraffin it gives just that lubricating action which ensures 'regularity' without effort—so much better than purging. This is why, for instance, it has been found specially good for sufferers from hæmorrhoids.

Be regular with 'Mil-Par'!

'MIL-PAR' REGD.
FOR EFFORTLESS REGULARITY

*The words 'Mil-Par' and 'Milk of Magnesia' are the registered trade marks of The Chas. H. Phillips Chemical Company Limited.

REGD TRADE MARK
Meddocream
ICE CREAM WINS SILVER CHALLENGE CUP

In the 1952 First Post-war National Ice Cream Competitions. (C.M. Class)
You can't mistake the flavour — the judges didn't!
TRADE ENQUIRIES TO:-
MEDDOCREAM LTD · WARD END · BIRMINGHAM · 8

Prevent TRAVEL SICKNESS

KWELLS

1/6

Recent official tests proved hyoscine, the active principle of Kwells, to be 96% effective in preventing motion sickness. The next best were 61% and 44% effective.

From Chemists Only

For happy journeys by
BUS · CAR · TRAIN · SHIP · PLANE

FREE SPEECH

There's safety in happiness on the roads

AN AMERICAN FRIEND has written to tell me that in the United States doctors have been checking up on hospital patients and have found that those who showed the greatest emotional disturbance were in the accident ward.

They conclude that emotional disturbance is part of the cause of road casualties. In all seriousness, people are being warned not to drive cars when they have been in a row, or are in a fit of temper, or have been upset through some other cause. This seems to give a new slant on road safety in Britain.—R. BANKS, 12 Chapel Street, Bramcote, Notts.

Robert Morley Off Duty

IAN BEVAN'S delightful article, "Robert Morley, Sharpest Wit In The West End" (JOHN BULL, June 7), reminded me of helping to run a restaurant at Perranporth, Cornwall, where Robert Morley took most of his meals when he was in Peter Bull's Summer Theatre. As Ian Bevan said, he gives as entertaining a performance off the stage as on it. This was especially evident when Lady Bull, Peter Bull's mother, entertained the repertory group at our

restaurant. Her parties included many distinguished theatrical people: Frith Banbury, Pamela Brown, Richard Ainley, Donald Phipps, Judith Furze and her brother, Roger Furze, the décor artist. Remembering Robert Morley's polished, supercilious wit, and his large, languid appearance, I was not surprised that he was cast in the rôle of Oscar Wilde. To me, he *was* Wilde. The enclosed photograph shows Frith Banbury, Donald Phipps, Peter Bull and Robert Morley in the garden of the Perranporth restaurant. Ian Bevan said that Morley's favourite dish was fish cakes; my recollection is that it was coffee sandwich cake, with lashings of Cornish cream.—MRS. G. THORNTON, 15 St. Margaret's Court, Edgware, Middx.

The Way To Success

THERE IS NO NEED TO MAKE an early choice between business experience and a university degree, as your correspondent who wrote on this subject ("Free Speech," May 31) seemed to think. I am one of many young men who are working in industry and attend a local college for one day each week. Eventually, we shall participate in the final degree examination of London University. Thus, industrial experience is obtained in conjunction with technical knowledge, and the blending of these two qualities is most likely to lead to success.—ARTHUR ROBERTS, Wolverhampton, Staffs.

. . . Why is a degree obtained by attendance at evening classes often considered inferior to one gained at a university? At twenty-five, I am about to take my final examination, and during my nine years in industry I have come into contact with men from universities and men who obtained their degrees by "external" study. With few exceptions, the former were in no way better at their jobs than the latter.—J. BURGESS, 123 Peelhouse Lane, Widnes, Lancs.

Call Up For Girls?

WHY NOT CONSCRIPT GIRLS of eighteen into domestic service, just as boys are conscripted into the Forces? This would reduce unemployment in our factories, save importing foreign labour into an already overcrowded country, help the nursing shortage by relieving nurses of many domestic tasks, and train girls in housewifery and child care, making them more efficient wives and mothers.—MRS. R. C. S., Leicester.

Englishmen Vindicated

BEING AN ENGLISHWOMAN married to a Pole, I cannot agree with your correspondent who complained ("Free Speech," May 31) that Englishmen do not appreciate good cooking. In this respect, the British are no more conservative than others. My husband will not eat any fish, except pickled herrings and an occasional sardine. Milk and cheese dishes he abhors, and he will not touch steamed puddings. He likes fresh salad in lieu of vegetables. The result is that I resort to opening tins and throw in a few pieces of lettuce. He still thinks I am a good cook.—MRS. NORAH PORCZAK, 3 Invicta Road, London, S.E.3.

Free Gift Turned Down

CAN ANYONE EXPLAIN why housewives are so wary of free offers? I am a salesman and during the past three weeks I have been making a free offer without any obligation. Yet only about one housewife in five was interested.—W. L., Selby, Yorks.

Carrying The Baby

ON HOLIDAY in the Austrian Tyrol, I met a woman carrying her baby in a straw basket strapped over her shoulders — which may be an answer to the complaint of your correspondent over the awkwardness of prams ("Free Speech," June 7). I asked if I might carry the baby, and the woman allowed me to do so, as the enclosed photograph shows. The weight was scarcely noticeable and it seemed an ideal arrangement for a mountainous country.—MRS. D. OSBORNE, 7 Quarry Road, Ryde, Isle of Wight.

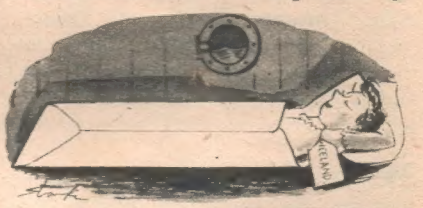
How To Get Things Done

YOUR EDITORIAL ON THE pollution of rivers (JOHN BULL, May 31) was timely and to the point. But why wait for Parliamentary action? In this district, when a nuisance was being caused, there was such an outcry that it was stopped. Some people said, "What is the use of bothering? We can't do anything"—and where a spirit like that prevails, nothing is ever done. But we have proved it to be untrue. Resolute, combined action by the people could clean up every river and prevent every nuisance in the land.—R. J. CHESTER, 2 Shaw Gardens, Chatburn, Clitheroe, Lancs.

. . . As a boy, I remember that it was unpleasant to sail down the Clyde because of the filth. But there have been several recent purification schemes and now it is quite different.—A. P. NISBET, Parklea, Anchamon Road, Dunoon, Argyllshire.

Iceland Shows The Way

DURING A JOURNEY TO ICELAND, I was much struck by the way in which the stewardess on board ship made up



the beds: the bedclothes neatly folded on top of the bunk, so as to form an envelope into which it was easy to slip. On other ships, I have been exhausted trying to force back the tightly wedged bedclothes on my bunk to effect an entry.—M. I., Glasgow.

Flying Into Paradise

HARRY HOPKINS'S ARTICLE on Bali, "I Fly Into Paradise Island" (JOHN BULL, June 14), reminded me vividly of the time when I did the same. It was a week after Bali had been reoccupied by the Dutch at the end of the war. I was in the Women's Auxiliary Service and was one of a party of five who were flown in from Surabaya. We stayed at the Hotel Bali, which, to our surprise, had suffered little from having served as Jap military headquarters. We visited the artist Le Mayeur and his wife, the incomparable Pollok, who told me I was the first white woman they had seen for four years. A barbecue was put on for us and, later, Pollok danced by the light of hundreds of flickering oil lamps—a memory that lives with me yet. While we were there, a British colonel, who had arrived a few hours ahead of us, disappeared. It was rumoured that he had been kidnapped by terrorists. On our return from Le Mayeur's bungalow, we got mixed up with a company of Dutch marines who were searching for him. They leaped at us from the roadside, guns at the ready, and ordered us back. But Pollok was equal to the occasion, and the party started all over again, to the far-off music of sub-machine guns. As far as I know, the colonel was never found.—MRS. VIVIAN STUART, Hop Grove Farm, Malton Road, York.

Titles For Women

READING THE FIRST Birthday Honours list of the Queen's reign, I was struck by one omission: there is no honour granted to women which can be inherited. Should not there be one—inherited only by female descendants?—MISS M. STOCKER, Bournemouth, Hants.

"No Change" Holidays

MANY PEOPLE PREFER to spend their holiday at the same place, year after year, without ever considering making any change. I often wonder why. Is it because they prefer that particular part of the country or because it is the nearest and most convenient? Or are they just too conservative to want to try anywhere fresh?—D. J. C., Ilkeston, Derbyshire.

MY LIFE OF FIDDLING AND FOOLING

by TED RAY

Begins in John Bull July 12

Letters intended for publication should be as brief as possible and include the sender's full name and address. John Bull pays a guinea for every letter printed. Readers with personal problems should send inquiries (other than medical) to John Bull Free Advice Service with a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

JACQUES HEIM

When two young people share the same taste, their hearts are one. When that taste is Craven 'A'—how right they are! Their preference is based on rich, fine tobacco, so cool to smoke, so kind to the throat . . . on a natural cork tip that protects lips and keeps the ends firm . . . on factory freshness preserved by foil packing, as befits the best cigarette their money can buy.

CRAVEN 'A'

for smooth, clean smoking

. . . say

Bulmer's for cider

Bulmer's . . .

- Is refreshing, sustaining and delicious
- Is the healthy drink to quench your thirst
- Is excellent value

2½ lbs. of apples to every flagon

H. P. BULMER & CO. LTD., HEREFORD

ALL Crosbie's PURE FOODS-

have been awarded The Good Housekeeping Institute Seal.

When you buy Crosbie's you buy the Best!

Serial No. 50.15 BRITISH GOOD HOUSEKEEPING INSTITUTE (Conducted by 'Good Housekeeping' Magazine) GUARANTEES replacement or refund of money if this article fails to conform to the standards of the Institute

'NELL GWYN' JELLIES

'NELL GWYN' MARMALADE

SALAD CREAM

CHRISTMAS PUDDINGS

SQUASHES

MINCEMEAT

VIP SAUCE

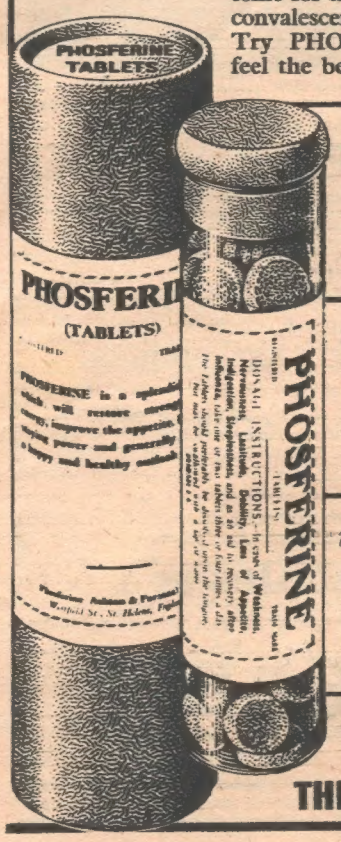
NAP CHUTNEY

Always ask for Crosbie's FRESH fruit jams

PHOSFERINE

in cases of **WEARINESS . . .**

PHOSFERINE is a wonderful tonic for the weak and ailing, the convalescent and the run-down. Try PHOSFERINE now—and feel the benefit at once.



in cases of **LASSITUDE . .**

Fatigue of the nervous system, caused by overwork, difficulties or worry—often accompanied by loss of appetite—is a sign you need PHOSFERINE.

in cases of **DEBILITY . .**

PHOSFERINE restores the appetite, strengthens the nerves, puts back the vitality you so badly need. And it helps you to resist illness.

in cases of **NERVOUSNESS . .**

PHOSFERINE helps you to take the strain and difficulties of life. It is an invaluable tonic to those who, for any reason, are feeling nervy, low and depressed.

1/8 & 4/- Available in Liquid or Tablet form. 10 drops equal 2 Tablets.

THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS

"From our side of the counter we get a good idea of likes and dislikes. And when people order Whitbread's you can be sure they know a thing or two. Whitbread's Pale Ale doesn't vary. It's always in top condition, whenever you drink it, that's my experience."

It stands out—

the best of the light ales is a

WHITBREAD

WHITBREAD & CO. LTD., 27 BRITANNIA STREET, KING'S CROSS, LONDON, W.C.I

WHATEVER THE OCCASION

Say it with Flowers-by-Wire

INTERFLORA — WE TELEGRAPH FLOWERS

Anniversaries . . . Birthdays . . . Thank You's . . . Get Well Messages . . . Flowers have a magical way of expressing your sentiments. Fresh flowers can be sent to anywhere in the free world within a matter of hours through members of

INTERFLORA

THE INTERNATIONAL *Flowers-by-Wire Service*

Order only through florists displaying the above symbol

Issued by INTERFLORA (Dept. J.B.) 358/362 KENSINGTON HIGH STREET, W.14

"For supreme comfort combined with elegance of style there can be nothing to excel these Sandals. They will be found ideal for warmer days and holidays."

Master Shoemaker and Designer of the Wearra Shoe

Wearra SUPER SANDALS

for health & comfort

Tax Free

Prices from

Leather sole and heel . . 43/9

Crepe sole and heel . . 45/9

In all men's sizes and half-sizes

For name of nearest retailer send p.c. WEARRA SHOES LTD. Irthlingborough, Northants

---

Somebody's going to need

Alka-Seltzer

for Indigestion!

Acid Indigestion, resulting from hurried or wrong eating, is put right in double-quick time with ALKA-SELTZER. A tablet or two taken in hot or cold water rapidly neutralizes excess stomach acid and soothes pain. Get ALKA-SELTZER from your chemist to-day. Millions sold yearly.

47

HOW HANDY HOUSEHOLDERS SAVE MONEY

ON MOTOR CARS

AROUND FIREPLACES

ON GREENHOUSES

Seelastik

will not crack, crumble or fall out . . .

All gaps and joints 'move' with changes in temperature, wind pressure and traffic vibration. Thus, an enduring seal must stretch without letting go and compress without crumbling. That's just what Seelastik does—clings like a limpet to gaps between wood, brick, glass, concrete or metal. In 24 hours it sets to a weatherproof seal which can be painted or left its natural pale cream colour. Seelastik 'stays put', is easier to use, cheaper in the long run than putty or plaster. 3/- per large Tube from IRONMONGERS, GARAGES, SEEDSMEN, etc. Seelastik in cartridges, applied by the Expandite Gun, is also obtainable from Builders' Merchants everywhere. If any difficulty in obtaining, please write to:—

EXPANDITE LIMITED, Cunard Road, London, N.W.10. Elgar 5151

Mountbatten of Burma—and the Mediterranean

by DENNIS HOLMAN

He is unorthodox in everything he touches, from fighting the Japs to handing over an empire. What will the former playboy-prince make of his vital new command at sea?

IT WAS THE NIGHT OF AUGUST 14, 1947. As every clock in the Viceroy's House, New Delhi, ticked out the last moments of the British Raj, Viscount Mountbatten of Burma, the last Viceroy, took off his reading glasses, locked his dispatch boxes, and began tidying the room himself, though a touch of the bell would have summoned the servants sitting on their haunches outside the door.

Alan Campbell-Johnson, the Press attaché, who was with Mountbatten at every history-making stroke with which he wound up an empire, tells of how the Indian leaders came, and in a touching little scene formally invited him to become their first constitutional Governor-General. Dr. Prasad, President of the Constituent Assembly, choking with emotion, got stuck on the lines of his speech to Mountbatten and had to be prompted, and Pandit Nehru, the Prime Minister, concluded by presenting a large, carefully addressed envelope with the words: "May I submit to you the portfolios of the new Cabinet?" The anti-climax came when Mountbatten opened the envelope. "By a sublime oversight," Campbell-Johnson says, "the envelope was empty!"

For all its improbabilities, that was the moment of Mountbatten's greatest achievement, won with superhuman patience (though he is not by nature a patient man) and with a certain other quality for which Jinnah, the Moslem leader, had a word of his own. That the testimony came from Jinnah is important, for while all the other leaders had succumbed to what Nehru described as the Viceroy's "dangerous charm," Jinnah held out right to the very end.

A Race For The Door

Jinnah was the architect of Pakistan, the man who had thought up the idea and indoctrinated his followers with the requisite fanaticism to achieve it. "My God, he was cold," Mountbatten said after one of their meetings. "It took most of the interview to unfreeze him."

At a dinner given for the Mountbattens in Karachi, it was their privilege as Viceroy and Vicereine to rise and leave first at the end of the meal. But the Jinnahs got up as well, and the occasion ended with a race for the door. The more athletic Mountbattens won. Once, Jinnah humiliated Mountbatten diplomatically by not meeting him at Karachi Airport, and on another occasion he wrote Mountbatten a letter which Lord Ismay, Chief of the Viceroy's Staff, described as one he would not take from his King or send to a coolie.

There were other incidents, too, but none

The Mountbattens as Viceroy and Vicereine of India. He has an instinctive love of ceremonial

COLOUR PHOTOGRAPH BY BARON

On the Royal tours, Mountbatten had a gay time. Here, with a naval officer (right), he is sitting behind the Prince of Wales

Mountbatten has always been popular with his men. When his ship was in dock, he played darts with them in a New York club

of these ever succeeded in provoking Mountbatten from his fixed line of impartial friendship. Just before Jinnah died he told one of his closest friends: "The only man I have ever been impressed with in all my life was Mountbatten. When I first met him I felt he had *nur*."

Nur is the word for "divine radiance," and Britain may owe a great deal of her continued friendship with India and Pakistan to Mountbatten's *nur*. But recently he took over command of the Mediterranean Fleet, and control of one of the key positions in global strategy; vastly different qualities are required for that. In the event of another war, the man who told Churchill that it was a congenital weakness of his to think he could do anything will undoubtedly be one of those entrusted with our survival. After criticism of his part in the last war there is natural concern for what the nation can expect. Mixed feelings have been expressed.

One point of repeated criticism has been Mountbatten's vanity, his love of pomp and pretentiousness. "Vinegar Joe" Stilwell is supposed to have shown him up when, as Deputy Supreme Allied Commander, he arrived at Ceylon to take up the direction of SEAC forces while Mountbatten was in London. Instead of occupying King's Pavilion, the white palace which had been requisitioned as the Commander's residence, Stilwell moved into a small bungalow. For his transport he used a jeep, and his superior's black Cadillac was lent to the cook for the daily marketing.

But Stilwell was incapable of appreciating that a great-grandson of Queen Victoria cannot be understood away from his royal past. It explains his instinctive love of ceremonial, his predilection for gorgeous uniforms, orders and decorations. Mountbatten comes of a line that was bred for display and magnificence. With a palace available as a billet, it would have been unthinkable for him to have chosen a bungalow.

Gazed Into The Crystal

Yet Royalty was a positive asset to Mountbatten in his dealings with the maharajas; few men could have handled that major problem so successfully, for his insight into the princes' psychology gave his tactics a touch of brilliance. Calling a meeting of the Chamber of Princes, he appeared in full-dress regalia with all his orders and decorations before an audience of some of the world's richest men, most of whom would have given half their kingdoms for what the Viceroy had pinned on his breast. They were worn with a purpose, for one effective argument in getting the princes to accede to either India or Pakistan was that it would not interfere with their receiving honours and titles from the King.

After his address Mountbatten stood to answer a barrage of questions fired at him by his audience. One maharaja who was absent from his state had sent his prime minister, and this bewildered man said he did not know what to do as he had received no answer to his cable. Mountbatten immediately picked up a glass paperweight, saying that he would look into his crystal. Then, after a dramatic pause, he announced very solemnly: "His Highness asks you to sign the Instrument of Accession!" The assembly laughed, but Mountbatten had won his point. After months of fruitless negotiations, in which few of the rulers had been able to make up their minds, all but three acceded. The three were Hyderabad, Kashmir and Junagadh, and they have caused trouble enough.

The Youngest Admiral

So vividly has the picture of Mountbatten as the Viceroy of India and the "Supremo" of South-East Asia been imposed upon the public mind that the dashing destroyer captain of the early days of the war is only faintly remembered —the captain who is reputed to have threatened to sink the admiral aboard an escorting cruiser when he ordered him to abandon his crippled *Kelly* on her way back to port. The incident inspired Noël Coward's film, *In Which We Serve*. It may have been something like that which also prompted Churchill to lift him practically from the oil-covered patch of sea where the *Kelly* had capsized in the defence of Crete, to head of Combined Operations—the youngest admiral in the history of the Royal Navy.

For his first "triphibious" commander Churchill had looked for an aggressive fighter with verve, imagination, technical ability, zeal and an approach to warfare quite uninhibited by any set or preconceived ideas. Mountbatten added up to all that the new job required. He had roamed the seas looking for a fight, and though his ships were successively mined and torpedoed under him, and bombed, strafed and shelled, he had come through without a scratch. His only war wound, he says, he got aboard the aircraft carrier *Illustrious*. She was being refitted, and Mountbatten, inspecting the work, met the ship's mascot, a billy goat, who charged on sight, bit him in the seat, and tore out a square of his tailor's best doeskin.

Mountbatten had the reputation for being a playboy, though, if he played as hard as any of the Bright Young Things of the twenties and thirties he had worked a good deal harder. The Navy was not only his profession, but his hobby, his passion and, they say, his whole life. Most of his spare time was spent studying for courses, writing textbooks on wireless, or inventing improvements to ships' wireless equipment.

When he went to sea, Lady Louis travelled the world. Once, as he watched operators during a Fleet exercise practising by taking down messages at random, he picked up one from a man he knew in Copenhagen. An invitation to dinner, it was addressed to Lady Louis aboard a yacht approaching the port. Before she could reply she received another wireless message, this time from her husband. "You should not have married a wireless officer," it ran. "Also love from Dickie."

Mountbatten's men would have followed him anywhere. Continually he agitated for improvement of their terms of service, better welfare and conditions. His contact was essentially an intimate and personal one, for which he kept an index of his crew's home towns and family details. If Napoleon could stop before a man during an inspection and say: "Are you not Dupont who fought with me at Austerlitz?" Mountbatten could inquire: "Well, Perkins, what news of your daughter Mary? My wife will be in Plymouth next week. I'll ask her to call."

Invention That Went Wrong

There is a ruthless, inexorable Germanic thoroughness in Mountbatten's make-up which qualified him in Churchill's eyes as the best man to probe the defences of Europe: Mountbatten's approach to polo is an example of his method. He was not naturally adept, but by dint of practice he built himself up into a crack player and his naval team into one of the most formidable in the world, at the same time writing what is now a standard book on the game, and inventing an improved mallet.

Planning for D-Day involved a good deal of outright inventing, and Mountbatten, a lifelong gadget addict, was right in his element at Combined Ops. headquarters in Whitehall. Always ready to encourage any new brainwave, Mountbatten once became enthusiastic about a rocket-propelled missile designed to run up a beach and explode against enemy defences. When it was demonstrated, one of the wheels spun round in a pothole and the monster came careering back, scattering Mountbatten and the other war leaders. Churchill was so angry that the back-room boy responsible, who had been honoured

"Vinegar Joe" Stilwell, who turned down the white palace where Mountbatten lived

with a seat in the Prime Minister's car, was left behind to find his own way back to London.

There have been more brilliant commanders than Mountbatten who never came near him on the way to the top; they never had his luck, his determination, or that touch of opportunism which is so much a part of his nature. A story is told of him at the time he was a Cambridge undergraduate in 1919, after serving in a P-boat during the Kaiser's war. One day during the Christmas vacation he telephoned a friend, who knew a leading hostess in London, to obtain for him an invitation to her ball that night.

Pranks With The Prince

"Please don't fail me," Mountbatten said anxiously. "My cousin David will be at the ball, and tonight will be my last chance of speaking to him before he leaves." What he wanted was to remind the Prince of Wales of a promise to take him as A.D.C. on the next Royal tour. Mountbatten went to the ball that night, with the result that he accompanied the Prince aboard *Renown* to Fiji, New Zealand and Australia, and the following year to India. As A.D.C. to a gay and spirited Heir Apparent, Mountbatten certainly had the time of his life; the Prince was not one to submit to rigid formality without some light relief, and his aide, if anything, abetted him.

Their pranks were the cause of continued anxiety. At one town in Northern India, when the time came for an opening ceremony to begin, the Royal guest was nowhere to be found. When at last he was discovered it was in a remote corner of the gardens with his A.D.C., both in full dress naval uniforms, playing croquet.

Before the tour Mountbatten had met and fallen in love with Edwina Ashley, the girl who was to inherit £70,000 a year. They got engaged in India, during the Prince's visit, when she was staying as a guest of the Viceroy. There were difficulties enough, for Mountbatten was kept so busy attending to his duties that he found to his consternation that the beautiful Miss Ashley had become the centre of attention of a group of very eligible officers. The Prince saw what was happening and lent him his own suite, where Dickie could propose without any intrusion.

A quarter of a century later he was to address the University of Delhi during its silver jubilee, remark on the coincidence that he and his wife were also celebrating their silver wedding, and add: "The connection between the two events may not be immediately apparent until I tell you that the room in which I asked my wife to marry me in 1922 was Room No. 13, which is now the Registrar's office!"

"My God, he was cold," said Mountbatten of Jinnah. But eventually Jinnah succumbed to Mountbatten's "dangerous charm"; this picture was taken just after he accepted the British plan

There is still a hard core of opinion which holds Mountbatten "responsible for throwing India away." But the facts are that he was sent there with an explicit brief to deal with a political situation heading with certainty towards chaos. June, 1948, was the deadline by which he had been ordered to hand over power, whether or not the Indian leaders had found a solution to their differences.

Many of his decisions were based on convictions that demanded sheer physical courage. In a country whose previous viceroys had travelled nowhere without thousands of police and troops guarding the route, Mountbatten gave orders cancelling all arrangements for his personal protection. One of his last acts was to drive through the densely packed Chandni Chauk, the great bazaar of Old Delhi, which no viceroy had entered since the attempt on Hardinge's life in 1911.

But Mountbatten had gauged Indian feeling intuitively. Not merely did they refrain from assassinating him, but when the time came they begged him not to leave. Just as the Mountbattens were about to set out to the airport one of the leading horses jibbed, and nothing would induce it to move. While it was being changed a very emotional crowd burst the cordon and surged towards the State carriage. "Even the horses won't take you from us!" they protested. Many were weeping. As one Indian said, after 150 years Britain had conquered India at last, but it was Mountbatten who did it in his own incredible way.

Mountbatten's determination to revert to a subordinate sea command after holding one of the highest posts possible for a British citizen is based on his professed belief in the dangers of too much success. He believes it is spiritually necessary for a leader to step down occasionally and get a true perspective of himself. But Mountbatten is on his way again to the top, and to judge from past form his handling of a supreme command in any future atomic war is pretty certain to be unorthodox.

Prospective enemies would profit by remembering what he did to the Japanese—19,000 killed, more than were killed either in China or the Pacific. Mountbatten has a copy of the surrender document signed at the Municipal Buildings in Singapore, framed with the pens used by himself and General Itagaki. It hangs on a wall at his home, Broadlands—in a lavatory. THE END

James looked round the room, puzzled. The guests seemed oddly suspicious of Laura and himself; they seemed even more suspicious of each other

ONCE IN A BLUE MOON

by ***LAURENCE KIRK***

ILLUSTRATED BY CLIXBY WATSON

On their honeymoon, everything about the hotel had delighted them—so they bought it. They didn't know what they had let themselves in for

THERE ARE PLENTY OF HOTELS in tropical Africa. Some are luxurious and very expensive and some are comfortable and quite cheap. If they are bad, it is generally because the proprietor pays too much attention to the bar side of the business. Too much personal attention, that is. And that is how James and Laura Hastings came to settle in such a remote district as Namura.

For all the harm they cause, wars often do individual people a very good turn. The late war, for instance, removed Laura and James from very drab surroundings in Bradford and Bolton and saved both of them from a dim future in the textile business. It not only provided them with free passages round the Cape but introduced them to each other—and to the soft African moonlight—in very romantic circumstances on a beach near Mombasa.

Finally, as though that were not enough, it provided them with fourteen days' local leave at the same time; and, as they were passionately in love, that seemed quite sufficient reason to get married and have a honeymoon.

At the time, they were both stationed at Kampala at the north end of Lake Victoria. It was a civilian official who told them about The Blue Moon at Sigeni; and he not only told them, but hired them his car as well. So finally, having got married the previous day and having spent the night in their respective barracks, James and Laura started off at crack of dawn on the 500-mile run to Sigeni.

It was as pleasant a start to a honeymoon as anyone could possibly wish. The sun shone, the birds chattered, and the car ran smoothly over a good murram road which was void of traffic. The first part of the trip was through tight, green banana country; but soon it loosened up and they were either driving across causeways through papyrus swamps fringed with blue water-lilies, or climbing long hills with glorious views on either side.

The second night of their married life was spent in the rest-house at Mbarara. The rest-house was

sparsely furnished with the bare necessities of life, and the black caretaker, having provided them with the key, took no further interest in them. That suited James down to the ground. With the aid of the picnic basket and the bottle of champagne inside, which was wrapped in a damp cloth, the bare rest-house seemed as luxurious as the bridal suite in any Metropole Hotel.

The next day's journey was over high, green, hilly country which stretched endlessly in every direction. There were no antelope to be seen as there had been the previous day; but there were many picturesque herds of cattle with enormous horns. It was difficult to find any shade for a picnic lunch; but they were happy, and neither of them argued about the adequacy of the one tree they did find.

Owing to a regrettably late start, however, the sun was already sinking when a range of high mountains appeared ahead, and it was pitch-dark when they began to climb into the mountains. They could not tell, therefore, what kind of a place they were coming to. The cone of yellow from the headlights shone steadily ahead; trees began to swish by on either side; and there were two loud orchestras at work in the darkness, one sibilant and one metallic.

When they reached the crest and began to descend, it was more uncanny still. Fireflies flashed by on either side, round yellow dots that were eyes appeared in pairs ahead and then vanished. And finally there was a ghostly shrouded figure waving a lantern at them in the middle of the road.

The ghostly figure, however, turned out to be an African servant in his *kanzu*. He guided them into a car park with his hurricane lamp, stood over them with the same lamp while they ate a cold meal in a room with wooden walls, and finally escorted them to a cottage with two beds in it.

James and Laura were in the beds and fast asleep before they even knew that they had undressed.

JAMES was awake before Laura the next morning and went and looked out of the window to see what the place was like. All he saw was a Scotch mist which even enshrouded the cypresses and eucalyptus beside the cottage. The mist continued until nearly ten o'clock and then, as if by the touch of a magic wand, vanished. Bright, clear sunshine came flooding down and showed that they were on a little rounded hill set amid many other hills. The whole country was a network of green hills and greener valleys and each valley had its own rippling stream.

James and Laura spent the morning exploring. The hotel was arranged on the same simple plan as nearly all other African hotels: a central wooden building which comprised kitchens, dining-room, lounge and bar, and a number of self-contained sleeping cottages built of brick and thatched with papyrus. The self-containing did not include running water or any luxuries of that kind, but James and Laura were both accustomed to the primitive plugless sanitation of the country and expected nothing more.

The garden had clumps of shady trees, green lawns and gay flower-beds, and beyond it a tangled wilderness full of bird life ran down to the stream. The garden itself was a mixture of the exotic and the ordinary. Dahlias, roses, fuchsias, grew happily beside the bougainvillaea, petrea and quisqualis, and many of the trees had orchids growing on them.

James and Laura found it as pleasant a place as they could have wished for. The hotel's *raison d'être* seemed to be that it was on the main road to the Congo.

When they had crossed the springy turf of the golf course, James and Laura found themselves in an avenue of blue eucalyptus, and this led them down the slope to the shopping centre of the township. The shopping centre, as was

"So you're a rich man now?" said James. Papa Pants beamed. "Very rich," he said

usual, was a double row of closely packed white buildings, some of which had Eastern excrescences on the top. In some, one could see bales of cloth inside and a couple of sewing-machines on the veranda. Others declared themselves by a strong smell of spices or the sweet scent of fruit, and the ironmonger had a petrol pump outside. But here trade was not a monopoly of the Indians as in most places. The two biggest and brightest stores were owned by Greeks.

James and Laura chose the one marked Papapantalides and Co., and found a fat, genial Greek inside with no collar and very tight braces.

This was "Papa Pants" himself—he was also known as "Paper Pants," and even "Paper Pants for Ladies"—and after he had cross-examined them as to their reasons for visiting Sigeni, he let them have the box of matches and bottle of boiled sweets which they wanted, and firmly refused any payment. They hadn't told him, of course, but Papa Pants knew a honeymoon couple when he saw one.

They were hungry when they got back up the hill. Lunch was alleged to be at one o'clock. When they came in at five past, there were six other solitary guests there, four male and two female, all sitting at different tables, all looking as though they had missed the last train—and no lunch. At one twenty, some watery soup appeared. And at one forty, some burnt steak. That was the end. There wasn't even any coffee to mitigate the insult.

FEELING rather disconsolate, James and Laura returned to their cottage. They were both healthy and both regarded food as a necessary adjunct to a successful honeymoon. It wasn't until after their siesta at four fifteen that James discovered what was wrong with the management of the hotel. The proprietor, Alec Alexander, came out of his cottage at the end of the row, swayed gently forwards and back on his feet for the best part of two minutes, then groped his way to the bar as though he were walking in his sleep.

James waited half an hour, then went to the bar, removed the proprietor's inanimate body and put it to bed. Having locked the bar, he and Laura then went and examined the kitchens. Everything was in chaos. The cook had already left and the houseboys were in revolt. Laura then rolled up her sleeves and got to work. She cooked the dinner herself that night. And for the rest of their stay they ran the hotel. This involved coping with the servants, wheedling stores and credit out of Papa Pants, and feeding Alec Alexander with medicinal doses of alcohol at regular intervals. He would have lapsed into D.T.s if they hadn't.

It wasn't quite how they had intended to spend their honeymoon, but they thoroughly enjoyed it. The other six guests also began to look less lost, and Alec Alexander was just sober enough when they left to tell them that there wouldn't be any bill to pay.

So it was a cheap honeymoon as well as an agreeable one.

James and Laura hardly thought of Alexander again for nearly a year. During that year the war ended and they were both faced with the prospect of demobilization and all the uncertainties of civvy street. Each of them had serious qualms about the future but did his or her best to hide it from the other.

When the telegram arrived, they did not at first grasp its meaning, although it was really simple enough:

GETTING OUT SELLING OUT OFFER YOU BLUE MOON FIVE THOUSAND POUNDS BETTER TAKE IT QUICKLY STONE SOBER ALEXANDER.

When the meaning finally penetrated into their minds, James and Laura did some rapid thinking, and the simple process of question and answer soon showed them where they stood. Would they rather stay in Africa or return to Bradford or Bolton? Answer: they would rather stay in Africa. Did they like the idea of running an hotel and could they make a success of it if they did? Answer: they had not only loved The Blue Moon but had run it quite successfully for nearly a fortnight. Was £5,000 a reasonable amount for the place? Answer: judging from prices in Kampala it was dirt-cheap.

All this was easy enough. It wasn't so simple when they came to the raising of the money. James had £2,000 and Laura £1,000, and their combined war gratuities might run to two or three hundred. There were no other assets except youth and a capacity for hard work. On the other side, in addition to the purchase price they would need at least £1,000 as working capital for improvements, a car, and initial expenses. They therefore needed £3,000. Was anyone going to lend them as much as that? Answer: probably not.

IT turned out very much as they expected. Laura rushed down to Sigeni, found the place in quite good order and beat Alexander down to £4,500 for an immediate sale. James meanwhile went the round of the banks in Kampala. Everyone was interested, sympathetic and full of good advice; but no one was prepared to advance more than £500 on the security offered.

James then reluctantly tried some of the rich Indian business men. Most of them just shrugged their shoulders; but one, Narshibhai Vallandral, who described himself as a commission agent and general merchant, was prepared to advance £2,500 at ten per cent interest, and that for a period of two years only.

James did not like the arrangement at all, but there was no other offer, and it was now or never. The documents were signed, the money handed over, and James and Laura became the proprietors—more or less—of The Blue Moon.

Laura obtained her release almost at once, went down to Sigeni, and tried to run the hotel single-handed. It nearly killed her, both physically and financially. But she did learn a lot about African servants and hotel management generally, and she did make friends with old Papa Pants. He was a scoundrel, of course, and a pretty grasping one at that, but if Laura wanted something that he couldn't supply himself, he would tell her whom to go to and exactly what to pay.

When James arrived, four months later, it was much easier. They made the improvements which

Continued on page 22

Skorzeny gets his final orders from General Student before taking off to rescue Mussolini

Some of the young commandos who went with Skorzeny to the rescue of the Duce

The Hotel del Gran Sasso, where Mussolini was held prisoner. A land attack was impossible

MY SECRET MISSION FOR HITLER (3)

We crash-land on to Mussolini's mountain jail

by OTTO SKORZENY

In our daring venture, all depended on surprise. The Duce's guards might shoot him before we could snatch him from their grasp. The only way was to drop, unseen, out of the clouds

MY SEARCH FOR MUSSOLINI grew more desperate as the momentous days of September, 1943, slipped by. The Duce had been arrested by the Badoglio government and I had been ordered by Hitler to organize his rescue. I had to find him before he could be handed over to the Allies. But in my efforts to discover his whereabouts, I followed so many false trails that I was finally convinced that they were being deliberately laid for me by the Italians.

The situation in Rome was becoming more and more unhealthy. One after another, several Italian divisions had been withdrawn from the front and stationed on the outskirts of Rome, ostensibly to cope with the threat of an enemy landing. The sole German division of paratroops and a few command and liaison units in Kesselring's G.H.Q. were faced with a concentration consisting of seven divisions.

Held In Sportsman's Paradise

At this moment my small "personal information bureau" brought me almost certain proof that Mussolini was in a mountain hotel on the Gran Sasso range, guarded by a Carabinieri unit. For several days we tried, without result, to obtain accurate maps of the region. As the hotel was completed only a few years before the beginning of the war, it did not appear on any map. The only information we could get was the report of a German resident in Italy who had spent a winter holiday there in 1938, and the prospectus of a travel agency which described the beauties of this winter sports paradise in the Abruzzis.

Since these details were much too scanty for the preparation of so important a raid, we were obliged to take photographs from the air at the earliest possible moment. On the morning of September 8, I left the airport in a plane equipped with an automatic camera, accompanied by my adjutant, Radl, and the paratroop division's intelligence officer.

Because we had to conceal our intentions from the Italians, we agreed to cross the Abruzzi range at a height of about 15,000 feet. Even the pilot was not in the secret. He had been told we were to photograph some Adriatic ports.

As we approached the Gran Sasso range, I saw below us the Campo Imperatore, a wild and jagged plateau, about 6,000 feet above sea level; from it, the steep walls of Gran Sasso rose to a height of 9,000 feet. Grey-brown rocks, immense bare cliffs and a few patches of snow passed beneath us, and then we were over our objective, the hotel—a massive building even when viewed from this height. Slightly behind it, I sighted a little meadow, almost triangular in shape. Immediately I said to myself that this was where we would land.

When we had taken our photographs, I crawled on my belly to the cockpit. I could already discern a blue band in the distance—the Adriatic. I ordered the pilot to go down to about 8,000 feet and, as soon as he reached the coast, to follow it north. To deceive him, I studied our maps for a long time and asked Radl to be ready to photograph the harbour at Ancona.

On the return flight, we flew over Gran Sasso again, then headed north so that we might reach the Mediterranean a little above Rome. Then we turned for home, skimming the ground.

A quarter of an hour later, we were able to appreciate that this precaution probably saved our lives. We had just reached the coast, and the sun was flooding through the all-glass cockpit; seated beside the pilot, I happened to glance towards the Sabine Mountains. I could not believe my eyes. Dense formations of planes, coming from the south, were heading towards Frascati. Seizing my glasses, I watched them release their bombs, which fell directly over our headquarters. The first wave moved away, to be followed by a second and a third.

Our H.Q. Was Smashed

The decision to make a detour northward had prevented us from being surrounded by the Allied squadrons. Our reconnaissance plane would have been defenceless; it was solely because we were skimming the ground that the fighters escorting the bombers had not seen us.

Reaching Frascati, we found that the house where General Student had established his headquarters was intact, but ours was heavily damaged. An officer warned us that two time bombs were buried in the cellar. Losses among the civilian population were very high, but almost all the German establishments escaped destruction. Our troops were repairing the telephone lines, which had been badly hit.

I had an urgent engagement with several Italian officers who, I had learned, were plotting to free the Duce. I wished to know their plans in order to be certain that their action would

"We went into a dive. There was a violent jolt, a sound of cracking and shattering. Then the glider came to rest and the first of my men leaped out"

not conflict with ours. But a few moments of conversation conviced me that, though these young men were full of enthusiasm, they had not got far with their plans.

Night had almost fallen when I left them to cross Rome to meet Radl. People were thronging around the radio loudspeakers and, as I drove into the Via Veneto, I had to move at a snail's pace. Noisy acclamations hailed a piece of news bellowed by the amplifiers. I heard some cries of *"Viva il Re!"*—Long live the King! Women embraced one another, groups of people engaged in passionate debate. More and more puzzled, I finally stopped and learned some shattering news. Italy had laid down her arms.

One thing was now certain: we had not a moment to lose. Each hour of delay increased the danger that the Duce might be transferred to another place of confinement, or even handed over to the Allies. (Later we learned that General Eisenhower had incorporated this request in the armistice conditions.)

An operation by land seemed to be out of the question. An attack up the steep slopes leading to the plateau would entail enormous losses. Besides, the Carabinieri would be alerted early enough to find time either to hide the Duce or to bear him off elsewhere. To prevent them from escaping with their prisoner, we would have to surround the whole mountain range, which would require an entire division.

Our trump card had to be total surprise, for we feared that the Carabinieri might have received orders to kill their prisoner rather than let him escape. (This supposition, too, later proved correct; only our lightning action saved the Duce from being put to death.)

This left only two possibilities: a raid by paratroops, or a landing of planes and gliders near the hotel. General Student chose the second. To avoid too rapid a descent in this rarefied altitude, we would need special parachutes, and we had none. Moreover, given the rough ground, I foresaw that a swift attack would be impossible, because the troops could not arrive all together. Our only solution, therefore, lay in the landing of several gliders. But was there any ground, close to the hotel, that would permit such a landing?

When, on the afternoon of September 8, I had wanted to have our aerial photographs developed, the great laboratory at Frascati had already been razed by bombs. Still, one of my officers managed to have a few copies printed in an emergency laboratory. Unfortunately, this laboratory could not furnish us with the usual large stereoscopic prints which would have supplied us with a clear relief view of the terrain. I had to be content with ordinary photographs.

The Vital Landing Place

Yet on them I could distinguish quite clearly the triangular field which had attracted my attention when we flew over the hotel. This field, chosen as our landing place, formed the basis of my plan. To cover our retreat, General Student arranged for a battalion of parachutists to float down into the valley and, at zero hour, seize the funicular station.

I studied the final details of the operation with Radl. A transport glider could carry one group of nine men in addition to its pilot. We assigned a particular task to each group; I was to travel in the third glider and lead the assault party, which would be covered by the two preceding groups.

We knew our chances were pretty slim. First, no one could possibly guarantee that Mussolini was still in the hotel or that he would remain there. Second, it was not at all certain that we could overcome the Italian detachment quickly enough to prevent the Duce's execution. Third, we must expect casualties upon landing. Even without allowing for any casualties, we were only 108 men in all. Nor would all groups be available at the same time. We would be tackling at least 250 Italians who knew the terrain perfectly and who were entrenched in the hotel as in a fortress.

Was there, I wondered, no way whereby to increase the surprise element which was our trump card. We puzzled over the matter for more than an hour. Suddenly, Radl had a brilliant idea. We should take a senior Italian officer with us. His mere presence would probably serve to confuse the Carabinieri and hinder them from resisting immediately or from executing the Duce.

We decided to try an Italian officer who had been a member of the General Staff of the Governor of Rome and, during the fighting for possession of the city, had seemed to be neutral.

Activities of the Allied air forces delayed the arrival of our transport aircraft and we had, therefore, to alter all the phases of our operation. D-day was Sunday, September 12, but zero hour was postponed from 7 a.m. to 2 p.m.

This postponement lessened our chances of success. On one hand, the violent air currents to be expected during the warmest hours of the day would make our landings even more dangerous. On the other hand, the detachment charged with seizing the funicular station would have a more difficult task, because it would be forced to attack in broad daylight.

But the die was cast. On D-day, we left for the airport at 5 a.m. The Italian general had been asked to meet General Student there at eight o'clock. By half past eight, he had not arrived. I, therefore, sent Radl to Rome with orders to bring him to us at all costs. General Student tackled the Italian as soon as he arrived. I was present at this interview. We informed our ally that the Führer asked him to help us to free the Duce with the minimum possible bloodshed. Visibly flattered to learn that Hitler himself was appealing for his co-operation, the

Continued on page 31

ILLUSTRATION BY ZELINSKI

"You've got no love for your father," Sam Carkill said. "You want to leave him to die under the curse of Rollo, don't you?" I saw Margaret wince

Rollo's Skull

by ***TRAVERS HUTCHIN***

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWARD OSMOND

It made dreadful things happen—and they'd happen to him, said Carkill, if his daughter married Tom

THUNDER MOSS ISN'T THE KIND OF place where history is made. There was never, as far as I know, a battle there. No famous man was born in any of Thunder Moss's grey stone houses. No army ever marched along its straggling main street. But the village had one claim to fame, which earned it a mention in guide books. Thunder Moss had Rollo's Skull.

It was difficult to get a precise report about Rollo. Some said that he was a local lad who went to the wars, came back to find his sweetheart wed to another and died of grief. Others embellished this by saying that he killed the false sweetheart and himself died, while trying to escape the law's vengeance, by falling from a crag known as Rollo's Leap. Yet a third version made Rollo a handsome French officer held prisoner in Thunder Moss, who fell madly in love with the wife of his captor and shot himself when she virtuously refused to flee with him.

This last, the most unlikely tale (since nobody could explain why a French officer should ever have been in those distant northern hills), was popular with elderly spinsters. The men of Thunder Moss favoured the murderer-sweetheart saga.

Whichever was true—if any—of the tales, none could deny that there indeed was the skull of the unfortunate Rollo for all to see in Hangingshaw Hall.

I had not been more than a fortnight in the place before I saw it.

When, at a rather youthful age, I was made a sergeant in the county's police force, my superiors decided to prevent any access of false pride on my part by sending me to Thunder Moss, the loneliest and most law-abiding place available, where I was lord of two constables, a minute police station and a surprisingly large sergeant's house attached to the station.

It was in my second week at Thunder Moss that old Constable Lomas told me that Farmer Carkill had been asking for me. Would I call on him next time I was passing Hangingshaw? I knew by that time that it was the accepted thing for any newcomer to the village to be invited to see Rollo's Skull. It was the pride of Sam Carkill's life.

"Better humour him," added Lomas. "He'll give you a fine tea if you go in the afternoon. And if he tells you that Rollo was his ancestor—well, humour him there, too."

"Wasn't he?"

"Well," said Lomas dryly, "the skull is supposed to have been at Hangingshaw for more than a hundred and fifty years. But Sam's father was the first Carkill at the Hall—the family don't come from these parts. Hangingshaw was owned by my own folks for four hundred years until my grandfather lost it because he thought it would be better to be a country gentleman than a farmer, and just stopped working."

Constable Lomas spoke impersonally, as if it were no affair of his. He was a man incapable of bitterness.

I found his forecast right in every detail. When I called I found that Farmer Carkill had some invented query about a gun licence to explain

Continued on page 24

Now nominated as the BOOK SOCIETY CHOICE for next month

CAMPBELL'S KINGDOM

by HAMMOND INNES

ILLUSTRATED BY K. J. PETTS

I HAD SPENT A HARROWING NIGHT on a mountain, besieged by storms, alone with a homicidal simpleton. His name was Max Trevedian, and he had come to burn my house down. . . .

My name is Bruce Wetheral. Since the day I had come to Come Lucky, this little ghost town in the Canadian Rockies, I had been faced with hostility. My grandfather, Stuart Campbell, had left me his land, Campbell's Kingdom, above the town, pleading that I should carry on his life's work of proving there was oil there.

Old Campbell didn't know I was a dying man. Before I left London, I learned I had only a few months to live. I learned, too, that an industrial group was after the Kingdom: they wanted to flood it to make a dam. They wanted the dam so badly that they had already started it—chancing my acceptance of their offer. I wasn't going to accept. I was going to find oil—by drilling for it.

My partner, Boy Bladen, had already made one survey. His figures had been "acquired" by Peter Trevedian, the contractor building the dam, and falsified. It was to get the real figures that I took an illicit ride on Trevedian's mountain hoist and made my first visit to the Kingdom. And there I met Max, Peter Trevedian's brother. . . .

Max was ape-like, child-like — and very dangerous. In the course of that harrowing night, I learned that his brother had sent him to burn the house—my house—and its documents, and Bladen's figures.

He didn't burn the figures. I got them. I took them to Calgary and had them proven by Louis Winnick, a trusted oil consultant. They did show promise of oil in the Kingdom. But to drill for it would take time and money; I didn't have much of either. The dam was going up and I couldn't stop it, unless I brought in an oil well first.

An oil driller called Garry Keogh decided to take a chance, and came in with Bladen and me, fifty-fifty. The thing that bothered him was how he was going to get his rigs and supplies up to the Kingdom. Since my night ride, Trevedian had put guards on the hoist—as I found when I tried to take Louis Winnick up. We had to use an old Indian pony trail; but that was no good for heavy equipment.

Tired after the trip up the pony trail, I returned to the Kingdom dead beat. I hadn't thought of a solution to Keogh's problem. Unless I did, there would be no oil well; there would also soon be no Campbell's Kingdom.

PART 5

My Desperate Plan

THE following morning, I awoke to sunshine and the clatter of tin plates. They were having breakfast as I went out into the living-room of the ranch-house. Sleeping-bags lay in a half-circle round the ember glow of the wood ash in the grate and the place was littered with kit and equipment. Boy jumped to his feet and gripped hold of my hand. He was seething with excitement like a volcano about to erupt.

"You all right, Bruce? Did you have a good night?" He didn't wait for me to reply. "Louis has been up all night," he said, "computing the results. We've all been up most of the night. He wouldn't let us wake you. I knew it was an anticline. I did my own computing, and allowing for weathering I was certain we were all right. And I'm right, Bruce. That shot we fired just as you got in was the last of five on the cross traverse. It's a perfect formation. Ask Louis. It's a honey. We're straddled right across the dome of it. Now all we've got to prove is that it extends across the Kingdom and beyond."

I looked across at Winnick. "Is this definite?"

He nodded. "It's an anticline all right. But it doesn't prove there's oil up here. You realize that?" The precise, meticulous tone of his voice brought an air of reality to the thing. "I'll ride over the ground today and do a quick check on the rock strata. It may tell me something."

But however matter of fact Winnick might be, there was no damping the air of excitement that hung over the breakfast table. It wasn't only Boy. His two companions seemed just as thrilled. They were both of them youngsters. Bill Mannion was a university graduate from McGill who had recently abandoned Government survey work to become a geophysicist. He was the observer. Don Leggert, a younger man, was from Edmonton. He was the driller. These two men, with Boy, were mucking in and doing the work of a full seismographical team of ten or twelve men. I didn't need their chatter of technicalities to tell me they were keen.

I stood in the sunshine and watched them walk out to the instrument truck. They walked with purpose and the loose spring of men who were physically fit. I envied them that as I watched them go. Winnick came out and joined me. He had a rucksack on his back and a geologist's hammer tucked into his belt. "Well," he said, "what are you going to do now you know you're on an anticline?"

"Sit in the sun here and think," I said.

He nodded, his eyes peering up at me from behind his thick-lensed glasses. "You realize you're a one-man show up against a big outfit. You'll be running neck and neck with the construction of the dam and every dollar that's sunk in that project will make it that much more vital to them that you don't bring in a well up here. Henry Fergus will go a long way to see that his money isn't thrown away." He was silent for a moment. "Don't rush into this. Think it over. At best, your contractor may lose his rig. At worst, somebody may get hurt."

"I know," I said. "I know all that."

That night I wrote to Keogh telling him the result of the survey to date and instructing him to talk to no one and to come up on his own in three days' time.

"Drive through from 150-Mile House without stopping, arriving at the entrance to Thunder Creek at 2 a.m. on the morning of Tuesday. We'll meet you there with horses." I underlined this and gave Winnick the letter to take down.

Winnick left next day. I was feeling so much better that I rode with him up to the top of the

JOHN BULL AND HAMMOND INNES DO IT AGAIN

THE ANNOUNCEMENT that *Campbell's Kingdom* has been nominated as the Book Society Choice for July-August marks a double success. It is the second time author Hammond Innes has won this distinction—the first time was with his Antarctic adventure story *The White South*—and the fifth time a JOHN BULL serial has been selected for the coveted award.

Among JOHN BULL's previous winners were H. E. Bates's *The Jacaranda Tree*, Nigel Balchin's *A Sort Of Traitors* and Nevil Shute's *A Town Like Alice*.

Innes received the news with calm satisfaction. Already, *Campbell's Kingdom* is assured of success in the U.S., where a national book club has ordered a first print of 400,000 copies.

The picture on the left shows Innes on an oil rig in the Alberta oilfields of Canada. The details he got there helped to develop one of the most dramatic scenes in modern adventure writing. It forms the climax of his story.

The big truck, its headlights blazing in our faces, panted to a stop. It was eleven thirty exactly. The first part of the plan was complete

saddle. High up above the Kingdom, I said goodbye to him and thanked him for all he'd done.

I sat there watching his small figure jogging slowly down the mountain slope till it was lost to view behind an outcrop. Then I turned my horse and slithered down through the snow back into the bowl of the Kingdom. As I came out below the timber, I saw the drilling truck, like a small rectangular box, to the right. It was close beside the stream that was the source of Thunder Creek. They were drilling a new shot-hole as I rode up, the three of them working on the drill, which was turning with a steady rattle as it drove into the rock below.

Boy pointed towards the dam. "They've started," he shouted to me above the din.

I turned and looked back at the dam. Men were moving about the concrete housing of the hoist and there were more men at the base of the dam. My eye was caught by a solitary figure standing on the buttress of rock above the cable terminal. There was a glint of glass in the sunlight, a flicker like two small heliographs. "Have you got a pair of binoculars?" I shouted to Boy.

He nodded and got them from the cab of the drilling truck. Through them every detail became clear. There was no doubt about the figure on the buttress. It was Trevedian, and he was watching us through glasses of his own.

I swung the glasses round and into the field of vision, half-way between us and the dam, I noticed a big rusty cogwheel among a shapeless mass of machinery. I called to Boy. "What's that pile of junk there?"

"Don't you know?" He seemed surprised. "That's Campbell Number One."

"How far did they get down?"

"Don't know. Something over four thousand, I guess."

I rode over and had a look at it. The metal was rotten with age. The wooden baulks that had formed the base of the rig were so rotten I could put my fist through them. There was the remains of a hole with a dirty scum of water in it. I called to Boy. "Where's the top of the anticline?"

"We're on it now," he shouted back.

I stared at the rusty monument to my grandfather's one and only attempt to drill and wondered how he'd felt when they'd had to give up. A whole lifetime lost for the sake of 1,000-odd feet of drilling. I turned and rode slowly back to the ranch-house.

SHORTLY after midday on the Monday, Boy left Bill and Don drilling the second shot-hole in the longitudinal traverse and we saddled our horses and started out for the saddle and pony trail down to Thunder Creek, to rendezvous with Keogh. It was blowing half a gale and mares' tails of snow were streaming in a white drift from the crests of the mountains. It had snowed during the night and part of the morning and the Kingdom lay under a white drift.

It was dark when we swam the ford of Thunder Creek and dismounted close by the road in the glade. We had some food sitting on a fallen tree. Once in a while, headlights cut a swathe through the night and a truck went rumbling up the road to the hoist. We had a cigarette and then rolled ourselves in our blankets on a groundsheet. The horses were hobbled and I could hear their rhythmic munching and the queer jerking sound they made as they reared both front legs together to move forward. It was bitterly cold, but I must have slept, for suddenly Boy was shaking me. "It's nearly two," he said.

We went out then to the edge of the road, standing in the screen of a little plantation of cottonwood. Headlights blazed and we heard the roar of a diesel. The heavy truck lumbered past, lighting the curving line of the road. We watched the timber close behind its red tail-light. Darkness closed in round us again and we listened as the sound of its engine slowly died away up the valley. Then all was still, only the murmur of the wind in the trees and the unchanging sound of water pouring over rocks. Somewhere far above us, the cry of a coyote split the night like a blood-curdling scream. An owl flapped from a tree.

It was nearly 3 a.m. when the darkness began

Continued on page 27

Marcus Adams, charmer of the Royal children

by MURIEL SEGAL

Playing among his puppets and toys, no one could feel camera-shy. That's one reason why his famous pictures always bring out the better side of a child's nature

A Marcus Adams portrait of the Queen, with Prince Charles. One rule: never hurry a picture

ON THE SECOND FLOOR OF A building in Dover Street, Mayfair, is a nursery where Prince Charles, Princess Anne, and generations of children—royal, near-royal, and others important only to their parents — have played. There is a little fountain because children love water, cupboards full of toys, and a Punch and Judy show which somehow never quite operates, even when the kind man with white hair dodges behind it and waves the puppet toys. While the child watches and smiles, the man is busy inside—for the man is Marcus Adams and the "Punch and Judy show" is a camera.

The Queen and Princess Margaret were photographed by him regularly from the age of eight months. When she was a little girl, the Queen once took a fancy to one of the toy rabbits with which the studio is strewn. She asked if she could keep it until she came next time. But on her next visit she could not recall what she had done with it. "I remember," chimed in Princess Margaret. "I put it in grandpa's bed. I hope it didn't bite him!"

The two Princesses liked to arrange their own poses and, says Adams, "they were so good at it that sometimes all I had to do was to move an arm a little forward or a shoulder a little back." These were the photographs which were reproduced on calendars and chocolate boxes all over the world—and made Adams famous.

Both Princesses enjoyed going to his nursery-studio and particularly liked the gramophone he played to keep his small sitters from feeling self-conscious. At the age of three, Princess Margaret commanded a repeat performance of the music from the ballet *Coppelia*.

Adams had the idea of making a set of photographs of little Elizabeth to send to her parents every month when they toured Australia. Later, King George VI told him that he had looked forward to them more than all his other letters. On another occasion, King George asked Adams what was the secret of his success. "I think, sir," Adams replied, "that it's just because I am fond of children and they are fond of me."

Apart from an extra bowl or two of flowers, no special preparations are made when Prince Charles or Princess Anne is coming. Like all

How an Adams picture is taken. To children, he is almost as winning as Santa Claus himself

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPH BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

Adams snaps a family likeness : the Hon. David Lloyd George, a grandson of the famous premier

other children, they are encouraged to wander round the "nursery," poke into the exciting cupboards, filled with toys and pretty objects, and are only gradually enticed on to the unelaborate "throne," which is merely a few cushions covered by a beige rug.

Forty years spent in charming children have made Adams almost as winning as Santa Claus himself, but occasionally he has an awkward customer. The other day, a five-year-old boy came unwillingly in, angry at the hair-plastering and nail-scrubbing he had been forced to endure, and determined to make a nuisance of himself. He sat swinging his arms and legs, chanting: "Now you can't take my picture." Adams, pretending not to notice him, caught the rhythm of his swinging movements and was able to synchronize the taking of the picture. The result was one of his most successful photographs.

One of his few failures was with a girl called Angela. She screamed so loud and long every time he came near her that he finally had to let her mother take her home. Next day the mother came back. "I found out why Angela behaved like that," she said. "You reminded her of the man who scrapes the fiddle in our square, and she hates that noise." Running his fingers through his long, silky white mane, which he washes with soapflakes and rinses in rosemary, Adams accepted his defeat. "I might look like a musician," he remarked ruefully, "but I hadn't thought it was a street musician." His long hair, bushy moustache, dark piercing eyes and general air of poet-artist genius, go a long way in persuading doubting mothers to spend twenty-four guineas for a dozen portraits of their offspring.

His albums of sweet, winsome children—a selection from the 250,000 photographs he has taken in his long life—confirm the impression. For, although other photographers dislike the romantic vales and clouds he paints into the backgrounds, they admit he can bring out the better side of a child's nature with great skill. He knows that is what parents want.

Recently, he broke his rule and took a set showing a six-month-old's talent for clowning, and gave them to the father, saying: "You've a fortune here." The father stared at them and replied: "What hideous pictures! I want a proper portrait." Adams shrugged and arranged another sitting. There he took six "straight" pictures which delighted the parents. "But anyone could have taken them, without guessing at the child's talents."

Glass Case For Mothers

Adams prefers photographing children alone, but mother-and-child pictures are in heavy demand. When, occasionally, a mother is very difficult, he banishes her to a glass-enclosed partition at one end of the studio, where she cannot interfere.

His earliest memory is of being carried down a corridor lined with portraits taken by his father, who was a photographer near Southampton. "Even then, they struck me as excessively dull, and as I grew older I had no sympathy at all with my father's 'sausage-machine' methods of work." He spent seven years doing the chores of studio and dark-room, from scrubbing floors to running off proofs. Always interested in child photography, he was once found on the studio floor gazing at an egg, because he had found that it had much the same form and fragile texture as a child's head. His bent was confirmed by the Brighton pier phrenologist, Professor Severn, who, after feeling his bumps, told him: "Whatever you do in life, let it be something to do with children."

He set up for himself in Reading, and did so well with the local gentry and their children that he decided to try his luck in Mayfair. He soon became a vogue with his "children only" rule. "My motto was: 'No pictures of girls after they've been kissed for the first time.' I stuck to this until Lady Oxford asked me how old I thought that was. I said about seventeen, but she corrected me, saying: 'You know nothing about girls nowadays. Why, they're getting kissed at thirteen at the latest!'"

Backgrounds To Avoid

Adams's biggest rivals are the parents with cameras. But he is willing to pass some hints on to them. "Don't be in too much of a hurry to click the shutter, choose your spot and your lighting carefully. So many pictures are spoilt by a hideous clutter of background. Avoid shapes which repeat, such as trellis work, brick walls, heavy leaf foliage and, on the beach, guard against corrugated iron or deck-chairs.

"To select the best spot, walk about with your fist at arm's length, close one eye, and notice how the light falls on your hand. The fist will show you where the best balance of light is to be found—watch the shapes of the shadows.

"Don't take the child squinting into the sun, and remember that you can't hope to get the *real* child if its attention is dominated by your queer antics and screwed-up face pressed against the view-finder. Above all, get just one person to help—and politely refuse the offers of all the aunties and grandmas. Otherwise the poor little subject will just be confused and bewildered."

Having said all this, however, Marcus Adams adds a confession: "When I am out with my son and his two children, I carry a camera but nearly always forget to use it. And if I do remember to snap the children at play, I look at the film and forget to print it." THE END

Actress Joyce Howard with her daughter Stephanie. Adams prefers photographing children alone

ILLUSTRATION BY GORDON HORNER

The sudden sight of all those weapons pointing at me was a shock. I moved forward like a sleep-walker. Then a voice roared, "Put your —— hands up"

Through the death zone to freedom

by Brigadier GEORGE CLIFTON, D.S.O., M.C.

Escaping from prison camp, Clifton makes a dash through forbidden territory that hid Germany's V-weapons. . . . A thrilling finale to his true story, THE HAPPY HUNTED

DURING THE LONG MONTHS AT the prisoner-of-war camp at Hadamar, my broken leg —the result of being shot by a German *Feldwebel* while escaping — healed rapidly. Aided by massage and a strict routine of exercise, I soon quit my crutches and sticks, and by the end of 1944 I could walk considerable distances. Once more I began to make plans for escape.

In January, 1945, on a cloudy afternoon, we had the first of the local air attacks which made my escape possible. Everything was peaceful when suddenly six fighter-bombers dived through the low cloud at Hadamar railway yard, a short distance from the camp. Roaring engines, screaming bombs, and their crash among the rolling-stock all made a terrific show. But to me the most important result was that our guards hastily abandoned their vulnerable towers round the outer wire. Realizing this would always happen on air raids, the Commandant had slit trenches dug adjacent to the towers to shelter the sentries. While sheltering, they could not see all the wire, all

George Clifton (right) at Oflag XII B with Brigadier Stewart, who helped him to escape

Taste the fruits!

Fruits! To some of us it is winning the Monte Carlo Rally or the local Tennis Championship—to others it is a "first" in exams or triumph at a chess tournament. But there's a reason why so many who have tasted the fruits of victory have also tasted the fruits in Rowntree's Fruit Gums. The reason? Because they are the long-lasting refreshers that also soothe in times of strain . . . especially when it's "no smoking, by order."

the time. Thus escape became a feasible proposition.

At Oflag XII B, escape equipment was well organized. The mapping section had carefully prepared maps of the country for forty miles westward of Hadamar, which was a small village some twenty miles from Frankfurt. Similarly, the rations section was concocting well-balanced, concentrated emergency food, containing chocolate, sugar, biscuit, condensed milk and, I think, oatmeal. A two-pound block, carefully used, could keep one escaper fit and active for a week. Our wardrobe department produced clothing to suit most individual tastes in disguise.

At this stage, all p.o.w. camps were placarded with what we called "Death Notices"—a poster proclaiming certain areas in Germany as death zones, in which unauthorized persons would be shot on sight. The final slogan read: "Escaping is no longer a sport—it's a damn' dangerous business."

Risk Worth Taking

Since the war ended friends have said: "Why muck about, taking risks to escape, when the Americans would release you in a matter of days?" In fact, there were most adequate reasons for going, if the going was good. From the beginning of the Russian offensive, in January, 1945, strong, reliable rumours circulated of our camp and some others being moved towards Berchtesgaden, into the "last stand" area, where Hitler intended that his young fanatics of the Parachute Divisions and of the S.S. should fight to the death. It seemed heartbreaking to be dragged away just when the Americans were making such good progress across the Rhine, fifty miles away.

The escape plan was worked out by Brigadier Keith Stewart and myself. It could only be a brigadier, because when the daily roll calls took place we senior officers were checked in our rooms while everyone else paraded outside in the courtyard. On the room check we could "dummy the brigadier"—and for this purpose a really life-like dummy complete with movable legs was made.

Given the right conditions, getting through the wire was comparatively simple. During daylight hours we were allowed to sit in the upper hillside garden, which was separated from the Red Cross hut by the usual barbed-wire fence, six feet high. At one point, suitable for our purpose, one vertical wire was more widely spaced, and cutting it at ground level would open a big enough gap for even my solid body to wriggle through. Beyond it, the Red Cross hut was dug into the hillside, and the steep banks behind were covered with loose barbed wire. However, one could roll down the slope and, we believed, take shelter behind the hut.

Machine-gun Towers

Beyond the hut, encircling the camp, stretched two fences six feet apart and six feet high. At intervals stood guard towers twenty feet high, manned by a sentry with a machine gun.

The tower affecting our plot mounted its gun alongside the upper garden, fifteen yards from the escape site. But when an air raid sent all sentries clattering down into their slit-trenches, none of them, particularly our near sentry, could see what went on. During an air raid we must cut that single wire, and I must get behind the hut and wait until after roll call when, if the dummy worked, all prisoners were locked in for the night and the sentries closed in round the building, leaving the outer wire to be patrolled by police dogs.

At last, early on the morning of March 22, half a dozen Lightnings roared past without attacking, but they frightened our particular sentry out of his tower long enough for me to cut the wire with a home-made pair of pliers. We were ready to go! Waiting for more "air support" was absolute hell. To make matters worse, orders came in from the commandant for the camp to move that night. Three hours went by. Then at lunchtime the next sweep of fighter-bombers roared over, dropping some bombs in the village itself.

All the gear was ready, so Dan Daniels, my helper, and I rushed madly through the building, then strolled leisurely up the steps into the garden. As we passed the sentry, crouched in his slit-trench, I threw him a couple of cigarettes for luck. Brigadier Stewart had taken post at a window where he could watch both us and the sentry. Smoking his pipe gave us the "green" light; removing it was the warning to "hold our horses." Keith was smoking furiously, so Dan opened the gap at once and pushed me through.

Down behind the hut, I found to my horror that all the space would be in full view of the sentry when at his post. A "better 'ole" became vital. Running along on top of the bank behind the hut was a belt of old wire, with long grass growing through it. I managed to crawl up and push in under this before the sentry reappeared. Nevertheless, it was an embarrassing situation, lying there from about two until dusk within forty yards of the sentry—and his gun.

At half past five the camp paraded for roll call. There was no shouting, so evidently the dummy did its work smoothly. This obstacle over, I breathed more freely, and even more so on seeing my sentry dismantle his gun and clump down the steps. That meant the outer wire would be clear, except for the police-dog patrols, and whether or not I bumped them was entirely luck.

I Get A Bad Fright

And luck I had. For at 7.15 a cart came through the two gates of the outer wire, and before rattling past the Red Cross hut the drover locked only the outer gate. While he was being admitted through the other two gates into the inner courtyard, I crept down and climbed over the one barrier between me and freedom. A German orderly washing dishes in the building alongside the gate was singing cheerfully, *"Ich Liebe Dich"*—"I love you."

Leaving fragments of battledress trousers on the barbed-wire top, I successfully fell over and was out. I walked quickly over to the road and started westwards. Within the first half hour of freedom I received one of the worst frights of my journey. Walking silently along in my rubber-soled desert boots, some instinct caused me to look round. A man on a bike was only twenty yards away, moving equally silently. No time to dodge, and obviously he had seen me. Without changing speed, I kept on walking and started singing *"Die Lorelei"* in German. He cycled past me, slowed for a moment and then went on. He was a policeman in full uniform!

That first night, being fresh and keen to get well clear of Oflag XII B before the hue and cry was raised, I went flat out on a forced march of twenty miles, until dawn found me lying up on a hill overlooking Montabaur. For the first day I pushed ahead, as near west as possible, evading villages and still moving across open country. Despite one or two frights from people working in the fields, I had no real trouble, until forced to traverse a very large wood.

Proceeding rather uncertainly through

SPOTLIGHT ON THE ARCHERS

ONE OF BROADCASTING'S most sensational successes has been the Archer family, mythical farmers of a hundred acres, whose earthy adventures have given them a following of millions — though they madden many listeners.

How the idea for the programme was born, and the fantastic story of the "Archer factory" which produces the daily programme, is told by John May in a revealing article which will appear in

JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

Remember—if you are going on holiday, let the local newsagent or bookstall know, preferably a week in advance, that you want JOHN BULL. *That is the only way of making sure of your copy.*

this large forest area, I could hear dull thuds which were obviously gunfire, and coming from the right direction. Occasionally, however, there were rather weird noises describable as "screaming whistles," which I finally decided must be V-weapons. Late that afternoon I emerged from the main wood into rather more broken country, consisting of plateaux cut into by steep-sided valleys full of trees and cultivation. Climbing out of the first valley, I went down the next steep slope without much care, plunging through a heavy carpet of fallen leaves and making too much noise. Suddenly I came back with a jolt on sighting a German soldier on the bottom road with a bicycle, who was very interested in my movements.

Trying to keep the occasional holly bushes between us, I struggled back up the hill in absolute panic. Two hundred feet steep, and bad footing due to leaves—it was the most exhausting spurt I ever did, and the dud leg was no help either. Fortunately, the German was unarmed and could only scream like a banshee. As I staggered to the copse edge, with flat meadows ahead, all peaceful in the spring sun, the terrific shrieks of V-weapons being launched crescendoed from the valley. Then the significance of the "Death Notices" back in camp became quite clear; I was in one of the death-zone areas where V1 or V2 emplacements were installed!

Hunted By Dogs

Trying to get breath and trying to think clearly, I stumbled along the valley rim, hoping to by-pass the danger and cross over farther down. Within half an hour, shouting behind me, and the yap of a dog on the scent, meant that the hunt was on. Those ruddy police dogs again! It was useless trying to outpace them; guile was needed to put them off the scent.

Water seemed to be the answer. All Fenimore Cooper's heroines dodged Indians that way. So, helped by the gathering dusk, I crept cautiously down through the trees over the road and reached a brook. It looked ideal, deep enough to paddle in without too many deep pools. I whipped off boots and socks and stepped in—into liquid ice! Winter snow still filled odd hollows, and running water was merely melted snow. Urged on by the dog, I walked downstream until my legs had no feeling below the knees; and finally crawled out very thankfully on the far bank. Pulling myself up from tree to tree, thoroughly done in, I eventually emerged on the next plateau.

Moonset found me looking into still another valley. In good cover among thick bushes I slept until daylight, and woke so refreshed that lighting a small fire for a brew-up seemed quite safe. Imagine my disgust on discovering that the tin I had packed contained not coffee, but synthetic German honey.

On the way again, this time, however, to the marvellous accompaniment of long-range shellfire coming my way, presumably American. Close packed among steep ridges stood a large town, Vallendar. Just beyond it the Rhine bent abruptly towards the west, and fifteen miles farther downstream was Remagen, my destination. Avoiding the town entirely meant a long detour; alternatively I could take a short cut through the end streets.

Bluffed A Way Past

With fresh confidence on a new spring morning, I walked out cautiously into the main road—and two German Red Cross nurses came round the next corner dragging a small handcart. I called out in German: "They're shelling the road on top of the ridge. Don't go that way." They thanked me and promised to be careful, and we parted company with no regrets or comment. Climbing the steep slope beyond Vallendar, I had my first glimpse of the Rhine, through the morning mist. On both banks, miles off into the background, stabs of flame and heavy concussions marked American and German guns hammering away.

I waited under cover until the sun broke through. Then, checking up on the lie of the land, I noticed farther along the plateau a solitary farm. A girl hoeing in the garden was obviously either Polish or Ukrainian, so I went over to the fence and asked her for water. She did not understand at first, but finally disappeared into the courtyard, coming out again in a minute or two carrying a ladle of water. Trailing closely behind her, however, came a boy, obviously German, wearing masses of Hitler Youth badges. As I drank he started on a cross-examination which Scotland Yard could not have bettered: who was I, where were my papers, where was I going and why?

Fortunately, my clothes and my story were fairly convincing. I was a Dutch worker, whose factory near Munich had been destroyed by "terror-bombers." Having no further work ahead, I was attempting to get home to Rotterdam. Somewhere in that recital I used a few earthy words of the broad and amusing Bavarian dialect. The lad laughed, and I had him. I asked his age, mentioned my own small son waiting in Holland and—Heaven forgive me—hoped the *"Englischen Schweinen"* had not hurt him. Finally I walked off.

Before descending into the next valley I worked out my route, between two small villages, to the ridge which must butt on to the Rhine. Lying in an unoccupied slit-trench I spent two useful hours checking up on the situation. Downstream every village in sight was on fire, and a thick pall of smoke drifted across the Rhine. Heavy gunfire and bombing seemed to come closer. The battle was definitely pushing my way.

Towards dusk that day I came to Sayn, a compact village filling the junction of three valleys. The intervening ridges were steep, rocky and heavily wooded; and once more I had the problem of keeping direction by risking the streets or by making a long detour over rough up-and-down going. Again I took the risk.

Once clear of houses I slithered precariously down the steep hillside in the dark, and fetched up against an unseen tree with a frightful crash. At the foot of the slope was a mill race, black and most uninviting, and too wide for my leaping ability. Some trick of the meagre light made it appear a few inches deep, and without checking this I removed my footwear and stepped briskly in. Straight in—up to my armpits in ice-cold water; the most unpleasant shock I have ever experienced.

Struggling across, fortunately keeping my kitbag dry, I climbed on to the far bank, wet through, frozen and very, very miserable. Immediately ahead loomed a house, and beyond must be the river. Dripping like a polar bear—and as cold—I squelched through the backyard, round the house and out of the front gate, unseen and unmolested. Climbing over a wire fence, I waded through the river, slipped across another road; and so, at long last, reached the ridge running north-west from Sayn.

My immediate problem now was not where to go but whether I could get dry and warm enough to go anywhere at all. Only quick action could avert pneumonia or other complications. Wearily climbing the steep hillside, I stumbled into a hollow full of dry leaves where a tree had been uprooted.

Bed Of Leaves

Luckily the change of underclothing and spare socks in my kitbag were dry. Stripping off, I put these on, burrowed under the leaves, piled all the sopping wet gear on top and shivered violently for three hours. To make matters even worse, from the valley close below a battery of V1-launchers fired directly over me, regularly every half hour. The terrific noise was nerve racking enough, but, in addition, the blast hit the hillside higher up and shook rocks loose.

Long before daylight I had had it, mainly because the dud leg was giving trouble. "On the move once more" seemed the only answer. From sheer necessity, in pitch darkness, I kept along the edge of the road, walking silently in my wet but worthy desert boots. Once more they saved me, when the road traversed an artillery ammunition dump and, hearing the sentry approaching, I cowered behind a shell-stack while he tramped past. That shook me. Evidently the valley was too crowded and too near the battle for carefree progress. Once again, very weary and cold, I stumbled uphill through beech woods, and as dawn came sheltered in a thick clump of pines.

Going on in wet clothes seemed quite futile, so I risked making a small fire of dry pine branches and, crouching over the blaze, steamed out my gear garment by garment. Partially dried out, and reinforced with my precious emergency ration, plus a tin of hot water and near-honey, I tramped on along the ridge, still through woods. A thick undercarpet of frost-dried leaves made silent movement impossible. It felt and sounded like walking through deep layers of potato crisps. Signs of war became more noticeable here. Batteries blasted away at regular intervals, and from the valley farther west came a faint, almost continuous background of machine-gun fire. There seemed no future in walking any farther; better to wait for the battle to reach me.

Taking cover in a thick clump of young pines, I crawled under some dead branches to await events. They came quickly. Strangely enough, three frightened roebucks appeared first, leaping gracefully in a flurry of dead leaves. Then tracked vehicles rumbled along, out of sight, followed closely by two groups of German infantry who crossed my limited view at a jog trot and obviously frightened. That was comforting from my point of view—until I realized that more German infantry were now sharing the copse! No future whatever in that, so I left, searching anxiously for a "better 'ole."

Going very cautiously along the back slope of the ridge, I found the perfect answer in a convenient gully, which held a trickle of water, and a nearby gash in the bank for my hideout. Covered with branches and leaves, like the babes in the wood, I waited most impatiently for the Americans to get on and finish the local war. The time must have been about an hour before sunset.

Effect Was Deadly

Shell-fire increased, coming closer. Then a small observation plane droned past, obviously directing the American long-range guns. Some jittery German hosed it with a stream of tracer—and the reply came back, quick as turning on a fire hydrant and just as violent.

One has to see, and hear, eight-inch shells bursting in the air, thirty feet above the tree tops, to appreciate how frightening and deadly is the effect. Huge splinters splashed the beech trees, like smashing thistles with a stick. They shook me badly enough, but they absolutely demoralized the Germans who were in the target area. Between heavy concussions and whining splinters, I could hear them screaming like stuck pigs.

All through the night the shelling went on. Daylight came slowly, and with it battle noises became intense until tanks, mortars and loud bursts of mixed machine-gun fire could be easily distinguished. The good old Yanks were pressing on! About 7 a.m. I was thrilled to see three men, clad in queer khaki, come stalking round the copse which edged my gully. Weapons ready, they were keyed up for trouble—and might be Americans; but they were so obviously prepared to shoot first and inquire later that I stayed put.

After waiting most impatiently for another half-hour, during which the racket echoed round the hills, I crept up to the fir copse above me and peered out into the open beech wood beyond. Three hundred yards away stood another clump of pines. I could see two or three Americans sitting there leaning against the trees. Possibly wounded, maybe a headquarters or something equally peaceful. I decided to walk up to them. When fifty yards out, in the clear and beyond the "point of no return," I realized that along the edge of the next copse was a full company of front-line infantry with every type of weapon all pointing at me.

Nobody Cheered

The shock was so great that I advanced like a sleep-walker. If one man fired everyone would let drive. Hell's flames! This could be really grim. After sticking my neck out so often, what an anti-climax to be shot by friends! Half-way in I yelled, "I'm British!" Nobody cheered or waved a Union Jack, but a sergeant roared: "Put your —— hands up!" Dropping my kitbag and stick as if they were red hot, I reached full length and marched in, saying: "I'm a British brigadier, escaped from prison camp."

A lieutenant behaved correctly and without any fuss, asked for means of identification, looked over my photographs, German identity disc and so on. It all happened so smoothly that, in my worn-out condition, it was hard to

FROM MY FAMILY ALBUM

THE REASON my eyes look so big and black in this photograph is that I was about to have my first pair of glasses, and had drops in my eyes. I was fifteen and at Emmanuel School at the time.

I used to get up small concert parties—very much "under the counter," because dramatics were frowned on by our very strict headmaster. Every Sunday afternoon after Scripture I used to sing and dance on a platform in the New Hall, listening for a warning shout of *"Cave!"* all the time. We soon got such a reputation that one or two of the younger masters began asking me, "What's doing on Sunday, Troutie?" (The nickname was derived from my piscatorial features.) And they came along, too.

I inherited my father's love of music. He had a fine baritone voice which I did not inherit, and used to take me from church to church to hear the organ and singing. He was delighted when, as a baby, I lay in my cot humming the tune of "The Man Who Broke The Bank at Monte Carlo" before I could even speak.

When I left school, he put me into a blue and white striped apron as an apprentice butcher. But I was far more interested in amateur theatricals. One Christmas I played the parts of Wishee-Washee, a Chinese boy, and the Genie of the Lamp in *Aladdin*.

Soon afterwards, my mother said to me: "It's no good struggling on with the business unless your heart's in it. Would you like to go to a stage school for a year?" And so I became a student of drama, singing and dancing.

Today he is a famous comedian. ***For his name, turn to page 31***

realize the years of prison camp with their frustrations and nervous strain were over. The war was going full bore; and, thank God, I was back on the right side.

At battalion headquarters my luck held again, because the C.O. knew a Texan major whom I had met in a prison camp near Munich. Fortunately, I remembered that Elmer City was his home town, and that fact O.K.'d me! It also put me on the American V.I.P. hospitality list; and the next forty-eight hours must have been an awful shock to my liver. We had been warned by our doctors to take food and alcohol very cautiously and in small doses, for at least the first week; but each successive step up in the American chain of command plied me with overwhelming hospitality which only an iron constitution could take. Evidently I have one.

I left battalion headquarters in a jeep, bumping back along the rather battered roads to Munchen Gladbach. Smouldering derelicts, shell-torn houses and occasional groups of dreary, vacant prisoners marked the trail of battle which had now accelerated eastwards. About 10 a.m. we were halted by a large officer going forward in a starred jeep. He strode vigorously over, thrusting out a large, cordial hand. "Colonel Stokes, Deputy Commander Second Division," he introduced himself. "Brigadier, this certainly is an occasion, and we're surely pleased to have you with us." He walked over to rummage in the back of his jeep, producing a half-full bottle of Scotch. "Yes, sir! This is an occasion. I guess you need a touch of Scarch. We don't leave here till you see the bottom of this bottle!"

"Oh, all *right* then—no ball!"

I managed to move on, the better for two man-size "touches," although their effect, now that reaction had set in, made me sag half-doped in the seat. About 11 a.m. we pulled in at Second U.S. Infantry Division's Battle H.Q., where they sat me down to the lunch I had long dreamed of: tomato soup, veal cutlets, grilled tomatoes, sweet corn and creamed potatoes, apple pie and ice-cream, and marvellous coffee. Despite our doctors' warnings I had second helpings of everything.

After that marvellous lunch, it was easy to sleep in the corner of a staff car while en route to Corps Headquarters. Here I was taken to the quarters of a British liaison team working with the Americans. Inside, a young, alert captain swung a snappy salute, and reported: "We've been through to Twenty-one Army Group, sir, and they're sending a car off tonight to meet you at Ninth Army. They've informed New Zealand Headquarters in London that you have escaped and are well. If you don't mind coming through here, sir, to the C.Q.M.S.'s room, we can fit you out with everything from Corps H.Q. Commissariat."

"Everything" meant just that, down to toothbrush, razor and all the other bits and pieces. After that I was taken to the "spare room." Inside was an enormous box-type bed with a feather mattress—so inviting that I crawled under the fat quilt for an hour while someone heated my bath water. Bath! A long, spotlessly clean porcelain one, big as a beer vat—half full of hot water, steamy and scented! What sheer bliss! Something we had dreamed of—in my case for nearly three years.

Next morning we started the journey to Brussels. Three days in Brussels went in double-quick time. Then on Good Friday, March 30, I took off in a luxurious American Dakota to London. Brigadier Ron Park met me at the airport. And so, under his sympathetic shepherding, George Clifton, having, like the black sheep, erred and gone astray, came back into the New Zealand yard again. THE END

"The Happy Hunted" by Brigadier George Clifton, D.S.O., M.C., has now been published in book form by Cassell's, price 21s.

ONCE IN A BLUE MOON

Continued from page 11

they had set their hearts upon, and The Blue Moon became the home of their happiest dreams. As a hotel, however, it was disappointing. The few visitors still looked as though they had lost the last train home.

Things were no better when they had been there eighteen months, and James and Laura were looking worried. They were both still quite certain that The Blue Moon had a big future; but it was beginning to look as though the future would take place after they had gone bankrupt.

THE change, when it came, was almost imperceptible. When the number of visitors rose to five, one weekend, James was pretty sure that it would drop to two by the Tuesday morning. But on Tuesday no one left and two more arrived. On Sunday, the two beetle-browed men who had booked for one week extended their booking for another fortnight. On Wednesday two more men arrived, talking volubly in French. And so it went on until, by the end of the month, the hotel was full.

James couldn't make it out, but as long as they paid their bills he did not much mind who or what they were. All the same, standing with Laura in the dining-room one day, he was puzzled at the wary expressions on the faces of his guests. They seemed suspicious of himself and Laura; even more suspicious of each other. He was so puzzled that, the next day, he drove up the hill, went through a gate in the datura hedge, and called on the District Commissioner.

"I'm afraid I can't help you much, Hastings," the D.C. said, after James had voiced his queries. "All I know is that land sales in the district have gone up three hundred per cent in the last month. That must point to something, and I've sent to H.Q. for their best mineralogist to come down here."

"A mineralogist!"

"Yes, certainly. All deep-mining rights belong to the Government. There's no alluvial gold, as far as I know, and no oil. It must be minerals of some sort."

James's brain was ticking over frantically. Why the blazes hadn't it occurred to him that his mixed bunch of guests might be in search of precious minerals?

He called at Papa Pants's store on the way home with a long list of groceries which were needed to feed his sinister and unwelcome visitors.

Papa Pants seemed rather absent-minded that morning. He twice fetched the wrong tins from his crowded shelves, and finally kept picking up a bottle of whisky and putting it down again.

James then protested. "Why do you keep nursing that bottle of whisky, Papa? I haven't ordered any, and I'm not going to order any."

Papa Pants put the whisky away.

"Quite right," he muttered. "Very bad stuff, whisky. Rot de guts in no time." Then he leaned confidentially over the counter. "Now, tell me, Chaimes, you trust old Papa Pants, no?"

James grinned. "No," he said.

"Quite right, quite right," Papa Pants went on genially. "Never trust nobody if you want to get on." Then he leaned still nearer over the counter. "But you all right, aren't you, Chaimes? You don't owe money to no one except old Papa Pants? You don't owe nothing on the hotel, no?"

James hesitated. Papa Pants then waddled round the counter and put a fat hand on his arm.

"How much you owe on de hotel, young fellow?"

James looked him straight in the eye. "Two thousand five hundred," he said.

"Bad, bad. Too much to owe. Who do you owe it to, young chap?"

"Narshibhai Vallandral."

"Oh dear, dear! Worse. Much worse. Narshibhai very bad man. He once do me over a load of cement."

James waited a few moments. "Perhaps you'd like to lend me the money to pay off Narshibhai?" he suggested.

But Papa Pants shook his head. "Papa Pants never lend money. Very rich man because he never lend money. I tell you what. I buy de hotel what you paid for it, no?"

"I don't want to sell, Papa."

"Five thousand, then?"

"No."

"Six thousand, and not a penny more."

"I don't want to sell at any price, Papa. We want to keep The Blue Moon."

Papa Pants drummed on the counter with his fat fingers for a moment and then produced a sheet of paper and began to write with a scratchy pen. When he had written a few lines he looked up.

"You promise not to accept my offer whatever I make it?"

"Yes, I promise."

"Cross de heart?"

"Cross my heart."

"Very well, den. I make it eight thousand."

James stared at the paper when Papa Pants handed it to him. It was a firm offer to buy The Blue Moon for £8,000, but James still couldn't see the point of it.

"What's the idea of this?" he asked.

Papa Pants grinned. "To pay off Narshibhai, of course! You take that letter to some good British bank in Kampala. Take it at once. They know all about Papa Pants there. They say Papa Pants very naughty, shrewd old man. If he offer eight thousand, hotel worth ten, and so they lend you two thousand five hundred to pay off Narshibhai."

James still did not know what to make of it, but the one thing he wanted was to be free of Narshibhai, so he thanked Papa Pants and set off for Kampala, only pausing for a few minutes at the hotel to tell Laura what was happening.

It took him three days to conclude the business; but, when he came back, a very sour Narshibhai had been paid off and he had a perfectly straightforward mortgage on the hotel without any strings attached to it.

It was the first time that he and Laura had felt reasonably safe for nearly a year and, although it was barely six o'clock, they were just going to celebrate with a drink in the office when they saw Papa Pants outside in the garden staring at one of the flowerbeds.

James went out at once, but Papa Pants didn't even look up when he came up beside him and called his name.

"Well, Chaimes," he grumbled. "You got back all right?"

"Yes, I got back."

"And you pay off Narshibhai?"

"Yes, everything fixed and settled."

"H'm. . . . H'm. . . . And you still refuse my offer of eight thousand for de hotel?"

James handed him the paper which had worked such wonders for him.

"It wasn't a genuine offer, was it, Papa?" he asked.

"Who knows?" Papa Pants replied enigmatically. He looked at the paper, then shrugged his shoulders, tore it in shreds and threw the bits at the back of the flower-bed. "I think I break my rule," he went on suddenly. "I think I come in and drink a whisky with you. Rot de old guts for once."

WHEN they were inside and the door of the office had been closed, James poured out a stiff tot of whisky for Papa Pants and then he and Laura lifted their glasses to him.

"You've done us a very good turn, Papa Pants."

"Oh, it's nothing, nothing. I never like that dirty Narshibhai."

"Well, we're very grateful, you know," Laura said. "Tell us, Papa: there's something funny going on here with all these strange people, and you know what it is, don't you?"

Papa Pants took a sip at his whisky. "Oh, yes, I know," he answered cheerfully. "I know that for some time now."

"Well, then?"

For answer, Papa Pants took half a dozen dark sharp-sided pebbles from his pocket and dropped them on the table. James and Laura felt them and found that they were unexpectedly heavy, but that didn't enlighten them much.

"Ever heard of wolfram?" Papa Pants was asking.

"Certainly I've heard of it," James replied. "It's the ore of tungsten, an essential ingredient for high-grade steel, and it's imported mainly from China."

"It isn't imported from China," Papa Pants corrected him. "Not now it isn't, and that's why it's worth two thousand pounds a ton. Stockpiling did that."

JAMES and Laura were both staring at the pebbles. "You mean that stuff there is wolfram?" said James.

"Quite right."

"And it's worth two thousand pounds a ton?"

"A pound a pound. For the ore alone!"

James and Laura looked at each other, then looked back at Papa Pants again.

"You're going to do pretty well out of this, aren't you, Papa?" James asked.

Papa Pants gave a shrug. "Not too badly," he admitted.

"Been buying up land where it is?"

"Just a little parcel here and there."

"So you're a rich man now?"

Papa Pants beamed. "Quite right. Papa Pants very rich man now. Very rich indeed. . . . Fat lot of good it do him, too. A tired old man like me."

James caught his eye for a moment, and Papa Pants suddenly drained his whisky and stood up.

"Well, I must be going. Thanks for de rot-gut. Glad you paid off dat dirty Narshibhai."

He had almost got to the door when James noticed that the pebbles were still on the table.

"Hi!" he called. "You mustn't forget your wolfram."

"That's not my wolfram," Papa Pants answered, grinning. "That's yours! I picked it off your land—some of it just now. I think you'll find quite a lot under that garden of yours." THE END

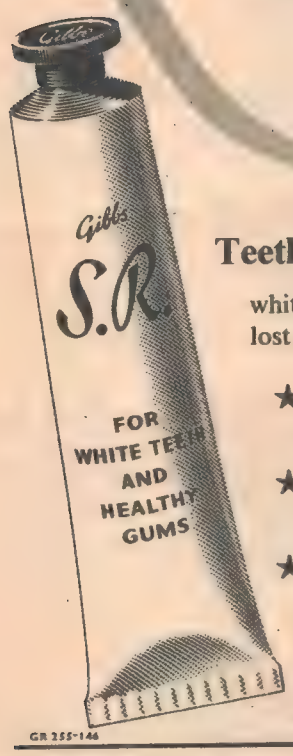
UPSTAIRS AND DOWNSTAIRS, indoors and out, there's no surer safeguard than Lifeguard. If you've a family, you must have Lifeguard. If you have illness in the house, you need this extra protection. Lifeguard is so pleasant to use. You'll love its clean, refreshing smell. You'll enjoy the healthy tang of a Lifeguard bath. Always use this powerful modern germicide and disinfectant. It's so fresh, so gentle, yet so efficient.

Safeguard your home the safe way

LIFEGUARD THE SUPREME DISINFECTANT

FOOLISH *neglects* GUMS!

WISE
knows that
S.R.
keeps teeth white
and gums healthy



Teeth want whiteness — but . . .

white teeth are not always *safe* teeth, because more teeth are lost through gum troubles than through decay.

★ *S.R. guards against gum troubles. It contains sodium ricinoleate, which dentists use for gum treatment.*

★ *An S.R.–healthy mouth means teeth sparkling white, gums firmly healthy, breath fresh and wholesome.*

★ *It's wise economy to buy* large-*size S.R. and wise cleaning to brush teeth and gums with S.R.— the way your dentist tells you.*

GR 255-146

ROLLO'S SKULL

Continued from page 14

his request for my presence. His daughter—he was a widower—served a magnificent tea, with as fine a ham as I have ever tasted. He then showed me the skull. And he told me that Rollo was his ancestor.

He certainly told the tale well. Sam Carkill was an impressive man even by the standards of Thunder Moss, where the men tend to be large, solidly built and sure of themselves. He was well over six feet tall, with shoulders as wide as a door and a face that made me think of a Red Indian. High cheekbones and a great crooked nose dominated that face. The eyes were pale blue—not a watery blue, but gleaming like ice.

He told me new details about the Rollo legend. The skull must never be moved from the house, he explained. Move it from Hangingshaw and evil things would happen. Once it had been taken away, at a time when the first railway was being built in the district. Within forty-eight hours news came of a landslide in a cutting which killed five young men from Thunder Moss.

Another time, he said, Rollo was put in an outhouse by a mistress of Hangingshaw who apparently thought it an unsuitable ornament for her parlour.

"She died that night," added Carkill, staring into the fire.

There was another story. No daughter of Hangingshaw must marry without Rollo's consent, Carkill said. If she defied Rollo, the Master of Hangingshaw would die within a week and her new husband would reign in his place.

I asked how Rollo gave his blessing to Hangingshaw weddings.

"The Master of Hangingshaw alone knows," Carkill replied. "Blood is thicker than water, Sergeant. Rollo can talk, I'm telling you. But he only talks to the Master of Hangingshaw."

He lifted his pale eyes from the fire and stared at me, then across the the room to where his daughter, Margaret, sat sewing. She seemed to have heard it all before and did not appear interested.

I looked from old Carkill to the window-sill, where the skull was kept. It looked an ordinary enough reminder of man's mortality. If anything, I thought, it was rather small. When I looked back, Carkill was still staring at me.

It was only when I was walking away from Hangingshaw that it occurred to me that perhaps Carkill had a purpose in telling me that Rollo "vetted" suitors for the hands of Hangingshaw heiresses. Did he know that I was unmarried?

The ghostly atmosphere that I must admit he had built up disappeared as I found myself laughing at his apparent cunning.

Anyway, I did not visit Hangingshaw again for a long time; nor did I set myself to courting Margaret Carkill.

I mentioned earlier that the police

Mice spread disease. Three years of scientific research produced SQUEAK the positive mouse killer. Painless to mice. Harmless to children and pets.

FROM CHEMISTS, STORES, ETC. OR DIRECT FROM:
SOREX (London) Ltd 168, TONBRIDGE ROAD MAIDSTONE • KENT

CHRYSANTHEMUM PLANTS

Fully named Collections for all Purposes

Deliveries now onwards as desired

Glasshouse Flowering

No. 1. 12 Superb Japanese - 10'6
No. 2. 12 Choice Incurving - 10'6

For the Garden

No. 3. 12 Huge Exhibition - 10'6
No. 4. 12 Incurving Gems - 10'6

Half Collections supplied

BEAVER'S NURSERIES
BURNHAM MARKET
NORFOLK

ARE YOU GROWING NERVY AND DEPRESSED?

If you're depressed, irritable, nervous and jumpy, it means your body needs more Vitamin B, the nerve-builder, on which your whole nervous system depends. If your food contains too little Vitamin B, your nerves will go to pieces. Increase the supply, and you will soon feel restored and re-jnvigorated. You won't worry so much, won't be so easily irritated or depressed.

Try taking Phillips Tonic Yeast Tablets with meals. Yeast is the richest natural source of all the B Vitamins, and you'll be amazed what difference this will make to your whole well-being. Your digestion will improve; you'll lose your headaches and feel brighter and fitter in every way.

Start taking Phillips Tonic Yeast today. It is simply pure yeast with all its cells intact; it contains no drugs or harmful ingredients and it is bound to do you good. But be sure to ask for 'Phillips' Tonic Yeast.

At all Chemists 1/6, 3/6 *and* 5/9

"I was thinking of having a nice tweed suit . . ."
"But I don't want a dark suit . . ."
TAILOR
TAILOR
"I'm going to have a light check—and that's final . . ."

sergeant's house was unusually large. When I heard some months later that a stranger to the district was inquiring for lodgings, I phoned my superintendent for permission and took the newcomer as a paying guest.

He was named Gardner—Dr. Tom Gardner. His doctorate was in science. Tom Gardner, I discovered later, was one of the world's great experts on optical mathematics. Don't ask me what that means—although he often tried, Tom never managed to explain what it was all about. But it was apparently very important, and he had six months leave of absence from the university where he worked so that he could write a book about his latest research.

Tom was as unlike my idea of a mathematician as any man could be. He had a round, smiling face with twinkling blue eyes and fair, untidy hair. He was chunkily built on the lines of a footballer (which he had been), and seemed more interested in climbing the hills than in studying or writing.

IT was Tom Gardner who courted Margaret Carkill. I knew nothing about it for some time. Being in love was to him something that you kept locked away in a private compartment, not to be brought out for ordinary conversation.

It was Constable Lomas who told me, and he mentioned it only in passing. It was another aspect of the matter he wanted to bring to my attention.

"Old Carkill's been behaving proper queerly about it," he said. "The chaps in the Royal Oak were telling me. He goes in there most nights."

"What bee has he got in his bonnet now?" I asked, and grinned. "I shouldn't think his girl would come to any harm with Tom, if that's what's worrying him."

"That's the trouble," said Lomas wryly. "It seems Dr. Gardner wants to *marry* her."

"Well, blow me down." I whistled my surprise. "He's a dark horse. Anyway, that's nothing for Carkill to make a fuss about. He's damned lucky if he gets a son-in-law like Tom."

"It seems," said Lomas with studied detachment, "that Rollo won't let Margaret marry a chap from the town and go away and leave her father with nobody to carry on Hangingshaw."

"A lot of rubbish," I exploded.

Rubbish it certainly was, but when I got home that night I found myself worrying about what he had said. The old constable wasn't one to make a fuss about nothing.

But I couldn't say anything to Tom. It was not my business. For Tom was my friend, not my lodger, by then; and I couldn't bring myself to poke my nose into his affairs.

However, a day or so later he told me himself. Margaret and he were going to be married, he said, when the old man consented.

"Having any trouble in persuading Carkill?" I asked when we had got over the congratulations stage.

"We are, rather," said Tom glumly. "Margaret won't leave him in the lurch. There's nobody else to look after him, you know, and I want her to be happy."

In the days that followed, he alternated between elation and gloom. But there was more gloom than elation. Old Carkill was making the girl's life pretty miserable. She wouldn't let Tom do anything about it. After all, a girl doesn't want her sweetheart and her father at each other's throats.

And Carkill was apparently spinning the Rollo yarn for all he was worth—especially the bit about the "Master of Hangingshaw" dying within a week if Rollo were defied. Maybe the girl believed it: she had been brought up on the Rollo legend.

It made me furious. I wanted to tell Tom to go and have it out—but fortunately I remembered that I was responsible for law and order. Then Constable Lomas gave me my chance to interfere.

"Carkill needs to be watched, Sergeant," he said one day. "He had one too many last night and told the Royal Oak bar that he was going to run Tom Gardner out of the village at the point of his shotgun. I know it was the drink talking, but if the drink can talk, the drink can do things."

This seemed my big opportunity. I didn't waste any time. I got out of Lomas the names of two people who had heard Carkill say this, checked up with them that he had really made the threat, and stalked off to Hangingshaw.

Margaret Carkill came to the door. She looked tired and worried. She led me into the parlour and went to fetch her father. While I waited for him, I looked again at that small skull which was causing so much trouble. Rollo seemed to stare back at me sardonically. I felt inclined to smash the stupid fetish out of hand.

The door opened quietly and Carkill came up behind me almost before I realized he was in the room. He looked bigger than ever, but he moved like a cat. His eyes stared more icily. I came straight to the point.

"I don't want trouble in this village, Mr. Carkill," I began. "But I've evidence that you've been threatening to use a gun against Dr. Thomas Gardner. What have you to say to that? You don't have to answer, of course."

The farmer stared at me for a full minute without speaking. Then he stalked across to a cupboard; from it he took two shotguns and held them out.

"You know I have only two guns, Sergeant," he said with a tight-lipped smile. "You have a record of the licences for them. You take these down to the police station with you—then nobody can say I'm planning any wrong, can they?"

CARKILL thrust the guns into my hands, then strode to the door, opening it quickly. Standing outside was Margaret, as pale as the skull itself.

"Come in, my girl," Carkill called. "You can be witness I've given this police chap both my guns—and what better witness? Nobody could say that you were testifying out of love for your father. You've got none, have you? You want to marry and leave him to die under the curse of Rollo, don't you?"

His voice now was oddly unreal—like a bad actor spouting lines he didn't understand.

But it was apparently real enough to Margaret. She winced and left us without a word.

I realized how desperately unhappy she was—and realized, too, that my visit had done nothing to help her. I took the guns and left.

Lomas was waiting for me at the station. He heard what had happened, and shifted on his large feet. He said deliberately: "I think I'll go to see Sam Carkill, Sergeant. But first I'll get my uniform off. There's a few words I want to have with him privately."

Half an hour later, I saw him plodding off, dressed in the blue suit that he kept for church.

It was when Tom and I were finishing our supper that he came round to my house to report what had happened.

"I saw Carkill all right," he began, when I had seated him by the fire and put a glass in his hand. "I told him I'd heard he was a bit feared of dying if his daughter married the wrong man—begging your pardon for calling you the wrong man, Dr. Gardner.

"Old Carkill didn't like that—I knew he wouldn't. He said he wasn't afraid of anybody or anything, least of all a policeman, and would I get out or would he throw me out? I said I'd go as soon as I'd said my say—which was that the Rollo story was a lot of silly superstition and he should be ashamed of using it to frighten a girl.

"Carkill used some pretty bad language at that. He went raving to the door and called his daughter—which I wanted him to do—and told her it was all her fault he was being persecuted by the police. But one day we'd all see who was right about Rollo. Rollo had killed before, and he'd do it again, and a lot of rubbish like that."

Lomas paused and chuckled. "So then I shot my bolt," he went on at last. "That's why I wanted your young lady in the room, Dr. Gardner. I told Carkill he didn't have to worry about Rollo. It was me that should be making my will, I told him. I'm the last of the Lomases of Hangingshaw. The Carkills bought Hangingshaw, but you can't buy a curse, I told him. And I told him the whole village knew that, and that he was making a proper laughing-stock of himself with all this Rollo talk."

We exploded into laughter. "That's the kind of talking he needs," roared Tom. "What did he say to that?"

"His language was unbelievable—and with that poor girl there. Though I must say she was nearly laughing by that time. It seemed like a load was off her mind. Poor lass, I think she'd got to believing all that Rollo stuff. Then Carkill turned on her. . . ." Lomas saw the blood rising in Tom's face.

"Now, don't you worry, Dr. Gardner," he went on quickly. "To cut a long story short, he told her to get out and—well, I'm glad to tell you that she's down at my house with Mrs. Lomas. And there she can stay as long as she wants. That is, I suppose, as long as you want, eh?"

LATER that night, a knocking on the door brought me out of bed. It was Lomas again. "Sorry to get you up, Sarge. It's that perishing Carkill. Turned up at the pub tonight, I hear, with that flaming skull. Left with a drunk called Bagshaw and said he was going to Rollo's Leap. The landlord just stepped over to tell me about it."

I scratched my head and cursed. It was madness for two drunken men to climb those crags in the dark.

"We'll have to go and look for them, I suppose," I said when, from behind me, there was a shout. "I'm coming, too." It was Tom, listening at the top of the stairs. "I've walked all round these hills—know them as well as any man."

We climbed slowly up on to the moorland above the village, picking our way with care. After a bit the moon rose, making it easier. But by that time we were among the bogs, and often the only path ran where the bog ended and the rock broke through at the edge of the precipitous drop down into the valley.

It was slow work. And the farther we got, the more we began to wonder if we were on a wild goose chase—until we heard a slight sound ahead and found Bagshaw lying across the path, snoring his head off. Lomas had told me only two minutes before that we must be near to Rollo's Leap.

We dragged Bagshaw to his feet and shook him awake. At first he did not know where he was; then he remembered and began muttering thickly.

"Sam Carkill. Jumped over Rollo's Skull—s'right. Jumped on it. Right over it. Smashed it, he did. S'right."

We could get no sense out of him. We half-carried him on our way with us. We could not leave him lying on the edge of a precipice.

Rollo's Leap is at a point where a side valley begins the steepest part of its run down to the main valley in which Thunder Moss lies. The Leap is about a hundred feet above this little valley; which is only a bare thirty feet wide—hence, I suppose, the origin of the idea that Rollo or somebody else had once tried to leap across it. For although thirty feet is beyond a man's leap, it looks remarkably narrow when there is a hundred-foot drop below it.

As we stood at the cliff edge in the moonlight, Lomas's sharp eyes saw something white at our feet. He bent to pick it up. It was a fragment of bone. He searched around, found a larger piece. He stared at it, smiled, then put it in his pocket.

"It's part of Rollo's Skull," he announced. Then he peered over into the darkness below.

AT first, all that we could hear was the sound of the stream rushing over slabs of rock in the little valley's base. Then Tom suddenly stiffened.

"Is that somebody moaning?" he asked at last.

"There's nothing we can do if he's fallen down there," said Lomas grimly. "Except go back to the village and send a proper search-party up the valley from the bottom. He might be stuck on a ledge, hurt, though."

I left them there and made pretty good time back down to Thunder Moss. The moon was high now. By the time I had got the hill rescue team together, and we were back on our way to Rollo's Leap, the dawn was breaking.

Carkill *was* on a ledge. The rescue men made short work of getting him back to the cliff's edge.

His skull was badly fractured and he was unconscious for three days, but when he did come round, Carkill was a changed man. He was quieter, more human. I think the bang on the head did him good. Anyway, he gave the bride away like a good father at the wedding of Tom and Margaret, three months later.

It was after the reception, at the Royal Oak, that Lomas took from his pocket the piece of Rollo's Skull which he had picked up in the moonlight by Rollo's Leap.

"Nobody ever needed to worry about the curse of Rollo," he said with a smile. He handed me the piece of bone. It was the centre of the skull. Inside was a piece of paper with writing on it, gummed across the middle.

"There was another piece, a plain bit, stuck over that," Lomas explained. "I soaked it off."

The paper inside the skull read: "Mortimer and Boddy, Medical Suppliers, London, W."

"My guess is that when my grandfather sold Hangingshaw, the skull was missing," said old Lomas dryly. "We never set any store by the superstition, anyway. But he probably thought he'd get a better price if there were a skull in the house, like the books said. So he got one, it seems, from Messrs. Mortimer and Boddy." THE END

TAKE MY TIP

THE hardest job when mending broken china is keeping the pieces together while the cement dries. I use a box filled with about four inches of clean, dry sand.

I half-sink the mended object in the sand, at such an angle that the broken piece remains in position, held by its own weight, until the cement dries.—Mrs. Joan Spencer, Maidenhead, Berks.

JOHN BULL *pays three guineas, on publication, for simple, original tips that show other readers how to carry out useful jobs in better ways. Address contributions to TAKE MY TIP,* JOHN BULL, *189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1, including (if they help) diagrams or photographs with the text. It is regretted that contributions cannot be returned unless they are accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.*

All that the perfect Bicycle should be

THE

PHILLIPS

VOX POPULI

(LADIES OR GENTS SPORTS MODEL)

The perfection always associated with Phillips Bicycles is the result of specialised experience, vast production resources, and *extra* care in design and manufacture. Take the stylish, smooth-running Vox Populi Sports Models. They have a distinctive air of quality with their lightweight Frames of Reynolds '531' tubing, Dunlop 'Sprite' Tyres, and attractive Flamboyant finishes. Reasonably priced for such a superb specification they are a real pleasure to own and to ride.

LADIES MODEL P.16 GENTS MODEL P.15

On attractive H.P. Terms by C.C.F. Gears and Dynohub Lighting extra. Ask your Dealer for full details— or write for FREE illustrated Folder.

PHILLIPS CYCLES · SMETHWICK · BIRMINGHAM 40

The smooth-flavoured Salad Cream that's exactly to your taste

MIXED SALAD BOWL

The secret of salad making lies in clever arrangement. Here we took the green of lettuce leaves and the red of tomatoes — these are wonderful contrasting colours. Next, a layer of cool, translucent cucumber, a quartered egg, olives, beetroot, and to give the crowning touch, added a centre-piece of creamy Kraft!

The subtle, delicate flavour of Kraft Salad Cream blends perfectly with mixed salads

YOU'VE only to taste the bland, smooth flavour of Kraft Salad Cream to know it's been created by an expert hand. What you may not know is that Kraft are the largest makers of salad dressings in the world!

Their name, combined with the delicate flavour, assures you that you've bought the *best*.

Put Kraft Salad Cream on your shopping list today—and watch your family revel in salad meals this summer.

Superb value at 1/2 a family size jar. Large size 2/-.

SAVOURY POTATO SALAD

An American favourite recipe

(Above) 2 cups of hot diced potatoes. ½ green pepper, chopped. 2 slices of crisp lean bacon, chopped. 1 tablespoon of chopped onion. 6 stuffed olives, halved. Kraft Salad Cream. Mix thoroughly. Decorate with chopped parsley and serve very cold.

My favourite Salad

(not illustrated) BY YVONNE ARNAUD

MIXED RAW SALAD. *Cut 3 apples in little cubes. Cut a little beetroot, also in cubes. Cut some celery in small pieces. Cut or grate some raw savoy cabbage in fine pieces.* Mix all the ingredients with mayonnaise, then grate some walnuts or almonds on top. Make sure that the salad bowl is really cold, and serve ingredients quite cold.

Yvonne Arnaud

from "282 Ways of Making a Salad" by Bebe Daniels & Jill Allgood

USE FRESH FRUIT IN YOUR SALADS, TOO!

Left: You'll find that oranges, apples, bananas, or grapes make a wonderful addition to your salad. Just make a plain green salad and add the fruit, cut in portions or sliced wafer-thin. Serve with Kraft Salad Cream—it's unusual and so appetizing.

KRAFT SALAD CREAM

MADE BY KRAFT FOODS LTD., HAYES, MIDDX. *Makers of Kraft Dairylea, Kraft Mayonnaise, etc.* KRAFT FOODS

CAMPBELL'S KINGDOM

Continued from page 16

to glow with light and we heard the sound of a car. Boy pushed forward to the edge of the road and flagged it down with his arms. It stopped, and Garry Keogh got out, his thick body bulkier than ever in a sheepskin jacket. "Sorry I'm late. Had a flat. What in hell are we playing at, meeting like this in the middle of the night?"

Boy held up his hand, his head on one side. A faint murmur sounded above the noise of the creek. "Is there a truck behind you?" Boy asked Garry.

"Yeah. Passed it about six miles back."

"Quick then." Boy jumped into the car with him and guided him off the road to the glade where our horses were. We sat in the car with the lights off, watching the heavy truck trundle by.

"What's all the secrecy about?" Garry asked.

I told him the whole story then, sitting there in the car with the engine ticking over and the heater switched on. When I had finished, he asked a few questions and then he was silent for a time. At length he said: "Well, how do we get the rig up there?"

I said: "We'll talk about that later, shall we—when you've had a look at the place and decided whether you're willing to take a chance on it?"

We settled down in the seats then and slept till the first grey light of day filtered through the glade. Then we covered the car with brushwood and started back up the trail to the Kingdom.

It was midday before we reached the top of the saddle. It was snowing steadily and the wind was from the east. My heart was pumping erratically and I was so tired I found it difficult to stay in the saddle. When we got to the ranch-house, I went straight to bed and stayed there till the following morning. Once I was up, I felt fine. My heart seemed steadier and slower and I had recovered my energy.

Garry Keogh spent the day out with Boy, riding over the territory. In the evening, after supper, we got down to business.

We had a roaring log fire going and hot coffee. Garry sat with his notes in his hand and a cigar clamped between his teeth. "I think I told you, Bruce, I can stand two months operating on my own, no more. Boy here says if we're going to hit oil, we'll hit it at around five, six thousand. It'll be tough going. And on top of that we may drill crooked and have to fool around with a whipstock. Anything could happen in this sort of country. And we're working on a financial shoestring with no facilities. We can't take a core sample. We've no geologist. We'll just have to log on the cuttings—by guess and by God." He shook his head. "It's a hell of a risk."

Nobody said anything for a while, then Garry turned to me. "How the hell am I to get my rig up here?"

"By the hoist," I said.

He stared at me. "But Trevedian won't let you use the hoist."

"I think it can be done," I said. "Once."

"I see." His leathery face cracked in a grin. "You're going to play it rough, eh? Well, I don't know that I blame you, considering what you've told me." He lumbered to his feet and gripped my hand. "Okay, Bruce. You get my stuff up here and I'll accept your proposition and drill you a well." He hesitated. "That is, provided Winnick gives me a written report on the two traverses when they're completed and that report is good."

We settled down then to work out the details. Everything that would be required from the time Garry spudded in to the time he brought in a well, presuming that he did, would have to be trucked in on the one operation. There would be no going down for things we had forgotten. We should be isolated up here in the mountains.

Boy took Garry down the next day. He bagged a deer on the return journey. Stocks of canned food were running low and fresh meat was a welcome sight. All we lacked was flour to bake bread.

In the days that followed, Boy and the rest of his team worked from first light till darkness to complete the longitudinal traverse. All the time the geophysical work was going on, we were very conscious of the growing activity at the dam. Each day, when the weather was good, I rode up to an outcrop above the buttress and had a look at what they were doing.

One morning, the peace of the Kingdom was shattered by an explosion that ran a thundering echo round the mountains. I didn't need to ride out to my rock outcrop to know what it was. They were blasting at the quarries on either side of the dam. The construction work had begun. When I did get up to my vantage point, I saw the whole area of the dam crawling with workers. Rails were laid out and tip wagons were trundling back and forth. Giant cement mixers were rattling away and loads of rock were being slung across by cable to the centre of the dam.

The race was on and we hadn't even got our rig up.

After supper, we all walked as far as the buttress. There was a young moon and we wanted to see what it looked like. We went down as far as the hoist. In the queer light everything looked flat and white, a dead world from which man seemed suddenly to have vanished.

From higher up the mountain, we looked down on the deep shadows of Thunder Creek. Lights twinkled below us, marking the camp, and an updraught of air brought the sound of radio to us and the lilt of a dance band, mingled with the murmer of a diesel engine. Floodlights surrounded the hoist terminal where loaded trucks were parked, waiting for the morning.

"We're wasting our time, fooling around on a survey up here," Boy murmured moodily.

"What makes you say that?" I asked him.

"There must be nearly a hundred men down in that camp now. You haven't a hope in hell of getting one truck, let alone seven, up that hoist."

"The number of men doesn't make much difference," I said.

"Are you crazy? Well, if the number of men doesn't make any difference, what about those floodlights?"

"We'll need them to load by."

He gripped my arm. "Just what are you planning to do?"

I hesitated, but I decided not to tell him what was in my mind. The less anybody knew about it the better. "All in good time," I said. "Let's go back and get some sleep."

On May 28, Boy completed the longitudinal traverse, and the following morning he left for Calgary with the recordings. Before he left, I gave him a letter for Garry Keogh, instructing him to move up with his vehicles to 150-Mile House not later than June 5. I would contact him there. I enclosed a signed undertaking to reimburse him for all expenses if I failed to get the rig up to the Kingdom and Boy had with him my agreement to split profits fifty-fifty with those involved in the development of the property. I also gave Boy a letter to Winnick in which I asked him to let Keogh have a report signed by him; and some special equipment that I needed.

I rode with him part of the way up to the saddle. It was sleeting and the mountains were grey hulks half hidden by mist. The wind blew through our clothing and the horses hung their heads as they plodded up the mountainside. At the edge of a shelf of rock over which the horses had to be led, I turned back. Boy gripped my hand. "I hope it turns out as you want it, Bruce."

"I'm sure it will," I said. "You'll cable me the result at the Golden Calf. And don't forget that telephone equipment."

He looked at me, his head on one side. "Would that have something to do with your plans to get the rig up the hoist?"

"Very much."

"Okay. I'll remember." He waved his hand and started across the rock shelf. It was wet and it gleamed like armour plate. I watched him for a moment and then turned my horse and began to descend. I hadn't gone far before the sun came out and suddenly it was warm and spring had come to the Kingdom. The emerald green of the grass was splashed with the colours of flowers like a huge meadow. I stopped and stared down at it, absorbing the warmth of the sun, thinking how beautiful it was—the dark band of the timber below me, the silver thread of water in the colours of the bowl and beyond, the mountains, warm and brown till rock merged into the glittering white of the snows.

Away to the right, I could just see the far end of the dam. Figures were moving there like ants and the stillness of the air was sullied by the rattle of concrete mixers. I wondered how the Kingdom would look when all its beauty was a sheet of water, and I went on down through the timber, hating the thought of it.

Four days later, I took Bill Mannion with me and we rode down to Come Lucky. We carried blankets and rucksacks stuffed with spare clothing and food. In a bag tied to my saddle were several of the charges used by Boy for his survey shots, together with detonators and some lengths of wire. The sun was hot as we went down the pony trail to Thunder Creek. The timber had a warm, resinous smell and all about us pulsed the early summer life.

As we rode into Come Lucky, I saw a change was coming over the place. New huts were going up; some were rough, split pine affairs, others were prefabricated constructions trucked in from the saw mills. Some of the old shacks were patched up and repainted. A new life stirred in the ghost town.

It was near midday and several of the old men were in the Golden Calf for a lunchtime beer. They stared at us curiously, but without animosity. The dam was going ahead. Come Lucky was coming to life. They'd nothing to fear from me any more.

Mac was in his office. He was seated at the desk working on some accounts and he stared at me doubtfully over his steel-rimmed glasses. "Getting tired of living up in the Kingdom?" he asked me.

"No," I said. "I just came down to see if there was any mail for me."

"There's a telegram for you. Nothing else." He reached into a pigeon hole of the desk and produced it.

I slit open the envelope. It was from Boy and had been handed in at Calgary the day before, June 1. *Results perfect. Have seen G. He will be at House as arranged. Returning immediately arriving Come Lucky Tuesday.* I handed it to Bill.

Old Mac touched my sleeve. "A friend of yours was asking about you."

"Who's that?" I asked him.

"Jean Lucas."

"Jean! Is she back?"

"Aye. Came back two days ago. She came to see me last night. Wanted to know what ye were up to."

"What did you say?"

The corners of his lips twitched slightly and there was a twinkle in his blue eyes as he said, "I told her to go up and find out for herself."

"Well, if she'd taken your advice we'd have met her on the way down," I said.

"Aye, ye would that. Maybe she didna feel like it. She's no looking herself despite her holiday."

I was very conscious of the Luger Jean had given me lying in the rucksack on my back, of a sudden restlessness compounded of spring and the smell of the woods and a desire to see her again. I went out through the bar into the sunshine, my heart throbbing in my throat.

"Where now?" Bill asked.

"We'll go down and see Trevedian," I said and climbed on to my horse and rode back down the street, lost in my own thoughts and the memory of that last time I'd seen Jean, wrought-up, unhappy and strangely close to me. I remembered the vibrance of her voice, the reflection of her face in the blackness of the window panes as I lay in my bed.

But at the sight of the open door of Trevedian's office, I put all thought of her out of my mind. This was no time to start dreaming about a girl.

Trevedian was on the telephone to Keithley as I came in. He was in his shirtsleeves and his big arms, covered with dark hair, were bronzed with sun and wind. He momentarily checked his conversation as he caught sight of me, unable to conceal his surprise. He waved me to a seat, finished his call and then put the receiver back on its rest.

"Well, what can I do for you?" he asked. "I suppose Bladen wants to get his trucks out, is that it?"

"No," I said. "Rather the reverse. I want to get some trucks in. What do you charge per load on your hoist?"

"Depends on the nature of the load," he said guardedly. "What's the trouble? Running short of supplies?"

"No," I said. "I want to know what rate you'll quote me for hoisting a drilling rig up to the Kingdom?"

"A drilling rig!" He stared at me. And then his fist came down on the desk top. "What the hell do you take me for, Wetheral? No drilling rig is going up Thunder Creek."

I turned to Bill. "Take note of that, will you. This, by the way, is Bill Mannion," I introduced him. "Now, about this rig. I quite realize that the road up Thunder Creek runs through your property and that the hoist is owned and run by you and James McClellan jointly. Naturally a toll is payable to the two of you for the transport of personnel and equipment up to

OH, JOHNNY! *by TIM*

MAXIMUM RETAIL PRICES.—38/- per bottle, 19/3 per half bottle, 9/6 per quarter bottle, 3/8 per Midget.
As fixed by the Scotch Whisky Association.

IT'S NEW!

Large tin 6½d

"It's 'CHERRY BLOSSOM' for me from now on. I get the same quantity of this-The Best of Polishes-for less money than any other brand. That's why it appeals to me!"

QUALITY MAINTAINED

the Kingdom. Perhaps you'd be good enough to quote me your rates."

"Quote you my rates!" He laughed. "You must be crazy. The road's a private road and the hoist is private, too. It's being operated for the Larsen Mining Company. You know that damn' well. And if you think I'm going to transport any damned rig up to the Kingdom——" He hesitated there and leaned forward. "What's the idea of taking a rig up there?"

"I'm drilling a well."

"Drilling a——" For a moment his voice deserted him. He fought hard to control himself, and leaned across the desk towards me. "Get this into your thick head, Wetheral. Your rig isn't going up Thunder Creek."

"I see." I got to my feet. "You won't give me a quotation. That's all I wanted." Bill followed me to the door. I paused in the entrance. "By the way," I said, "you do realize, I suppose, that the original road up Thunder Creek was constructed in 1939 by the Canadian Government. The fact that you have improved it recently does not stop its being a public highway. Are you acting on Fergus's instructions in putting a guard on it and holding up private transport?"

"I'm acting for the Larsen Mining Company."

"Fine," I said. "That means Fergus."

AFTER that, I went back up the street to the Golden Calf. Mac was still in his office. "Can I use your phone?" I asked him.

"Aye." He pushed the instrument towards me. I picked up the instrument and got long distance. I gave them the number of the *Calgary Tribune* and made it a personal call to the editor. Half an hour later, he was on the line. "Did Louis Winnick let you have his final report on Campbell's Kingdom?" I asked him.

"Yes," he replied. "And a fellow called Bladen was in here with the whole story of the original survey. Who am I talking with?"

"Bruce Wetheral," I said. "Campbell's heir."

"Well, Mr. Wetheral, we ran the story pretty well in full a couple of days back."

I thanked him and then brought him up to date with Trevedian's refusal to allow a rig to proceed to the property. When I had finished he said, "Makes a dandy little story. Private enterprise versus big business, eh? Well, Mr. Wetheral, this won't be the first time we've backed the small operator."

"You're going to back us then?"

"Oh, sure. It's in the interests of the country. We've always taken that line. What are you going to do about getting your rig up there?"

"Take the matter into my own hands."

"I see. Well, go easy on that. We don't want to find we're backing people who get outside the law."

"I'm not getting outside the law," I said. "It's Fergus and Trevedian who have got outside the law."

"We—ell——" He hesitated. "So long as nobody gets hurt. . . ."

"Nobody's going to get hurt," I said.

"Fine. Well, good luck. And Mr. Wetheral—if you do bring in a well be sure and let us have details. Later on I'd like to send one of my staff up to have a look at things, if that's all right with you?"

"Any time," I said. "And thanks for your help." I put the receiver back.

"So ye're going to drill?" Mac said.

I nodded. "Trevedian will ask you what I'm up to. There's no harm in telling him that I've been on to the *Calgary Tribune*. But I'd be glad if you'd forget that bit about taking things into my own hands. Will you do that?"

"Aye." He gave me a wintry smile. "I'll no spoil yer game, whatever it is. But dinna do anything foolish, lad." He peered up at me, and held out his hand. "Mebbe I'm getting old. Good luck to ye. And if I should see Jeannie?" He cocked his head on one side.

I hesitated and then I said, "If she should happen to ask about me, tell her there's a vacancy for cook-general up in the Kingdom—if she wants her old job back."

He smiled and nodded his head. "Aye. I'll tell her that."

I paid for the call and we left.

We found a suitable spot to eat, well concealed in the cottonwood close to the waters of Thunder Creek, cooked ourselves a meal and slept for a couple of hours in the sun. Then we saddled the horses again and started up the road towards the camp where we planned to sleep that night.

We reached the bend that concealed the road gate and its guard and I struck up into the timber. Every now and then I glanced up at the telephone wires that hung in shallow loops from the bare jack-pine poles. There were just the two lines and at most points it would be possible to reach them from the top of a truck.

About a mile above the guard hut, I found what I was looking for. The road here swung round a big outcrop of rock. It had been blasted out of the face of the outcrop and above it the rocks towered more than a hundred feet, covered with lichen and black where the water seeped from the crevices.

This was the place that had been in my mind when I first conceived my plan. The question was: would I find what I wanted? I rode forward, a tight feeling in my throat. Everything depended upon this. The rock had been blasted. There was no question about that as I began eagerly examining the wall of it.

"What are you looking for, Bruce?" my companion asked.

"I'm wondering if there are any drill holes," I said. I'd banked on the driller going ahead, drilling his shot holes, regardless of whether they'd blasted sufficiently. Twice we had to canter off into the timber while a truck went by. Each time I came back to the same point in the face of the rock, working steadily along it. And then suddenly I found what I had hoped for: a round hole—like the entrance to a sand-martin's nest. There was another about ten feet from it and a third.

They were about three feet from the ground and when I cut a straight branch from a tree and whittled it down into a rod, I found two of them extended about eight feet into the rock. The third was only about two feet deep.

I took off my rucksack then, got out my charges and pushed them in it, two to each shot hole. The wires to the detonators I cut to leave only about two inches protruding. Then we rammed wet earth in tight, sealing the holes. I marked the spot with the branch of a tree and we rode on.

About half a mile farther on, the road dipped again and crossed a patch of swampy ground. Road gangs had been busy here very recently. A lot of hard core had been dumped and rolled in and just beyond the swamp the trees had been cut back to allow trucks to turn. There was good standing here for a dozen or so vehicles. Over a slight rise, a bridge of logs spanned a small torrent. Again I slipped my rucksack from my shoulders and got to work with the charges, fixing them to the log supports

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Seeking truth

THE world needs men who can point out new truths. But if you are such a man, you need not expect to find yourself popular.

People, as a rule, do not like having their eyes opened. Originality is usually looked upon with suspicion. Nevertheless, you should not let unpopularity deter you. For only by continually seeking after truth can we progress.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

"He got into a dogfight!"

of the bridge and trailing the wires to a point easily reached from the road. I marked the spot and climbed back on to the road.

"Okay, Bill," I said. "That's the lot."

It was past nine when we arrived at the place where we'd camp for the night. We built a fire and cooked a meal, sitting close by the flames, talking quietly, listening to the sound of the creek rumbling lakewards. I felt tired, but content. So far, everything had gone well. But as I lay wrapped in my blankets, going over and over my plans, I wondered whether my luck would hold. I wondered, too, whether I wasn't in danger of creating a situation I couldn't handle.

Boy got in about two the next day. He'd hitched a ride up from Quesnel in one of the cement trucks and had picked up his horse in Come Lucky on the way down to our rendezvous at the entrance to Thunder Creek. He had a copy of the *Calgary Tribune* with him. They had run the story of Campbell's Kingdom as a news item on the front page and there was a long feature article inside. Boy had seen the editor, and so had Winnick. They had talked to some of the scouts from the big companies. The legend of oil in the Rocky Mountains had got off to a good start. But his big news was that Garry was already at 150-Mile House. It only needed a phone call from us to get his convoy rolling.

I looked up at the gathering clouds overhead. "What's the weather going to do tonight?" I asked.

"It's breaking."

"Rain?" I asked.

Boy shook his head. "Snow more likely. The wind's from the east."

"Snow?" It might be even better than rain. "Have you brought that telephone equipment?"

"It's in my pack." He went over to the two saddle bags he had dropped on to the ground and got out the instrument. "What are you planning to do, Bruce?"

"Get Garry and his trucks up tonight," I said. "How long do you reckon it will take him from 150-Mile House?"

"Six, seven hours." He hesitated, glancing up at the mountains. "If the snow is heavy he may bog down, you know. There's a lot of weight in some of his trucks."

"We'll have to risk that."

We rode down the highway until we reached a stretch where it ran through trees. The telephone wires were close against the branches here. I posted the two of them as guards and climbed a fir tree. There was no difficulty in tapping the wires. I had to wait for a while, listening to Trevedian talking to Keithley Creek. As soon as he got off the line, I rang the exchange and got put through to 150-Mile House. I was afraid Garry might be occupied with maintenance and not prepared to move till the fifth.

But I needn't have worried. When I asked him how soon he could get moving, he said, "Whenever you say. The gear's all stowed, everything's ready. We only have to start the engines."

"Fine," I said. "Can you make the entrance to the creek by eleven thirty tonight?"

"Sure. Provided everything's okay we could probably make it by ten, mebbe even earlier."

"I don't want you earlier," I replied. "I want you there dead on eleven thirty. The timing is important. What's your watch say?"

"Two twenty-eight."

"Okay." I adjusted my watch by a couple of minutes. "Now listen carefully, Garry. Keep moving all the time and try not to get involved with any truck coming in with materials for the dam. As you approach the rendezvous, only the leading truck is to have any lights. Keep your convoy bunched. We'll meet you where the timber starts. If we're not there, turn around and go back as far as Hydraulic and I'll contact you there tomorrow. It will mean something has gone wrong with our plans. Okay?"

"Sure."

"See you tonight then."

"Just a minute, Bruce. What are our plans? How do you propose——"

"I haven't time to go into that now," I cut in quickly. "See you at eleven thirty. Goodbye."

I unclipped my wires and climbed down to the ground. Boy heeled his horse up to me as I packed the instrument away.

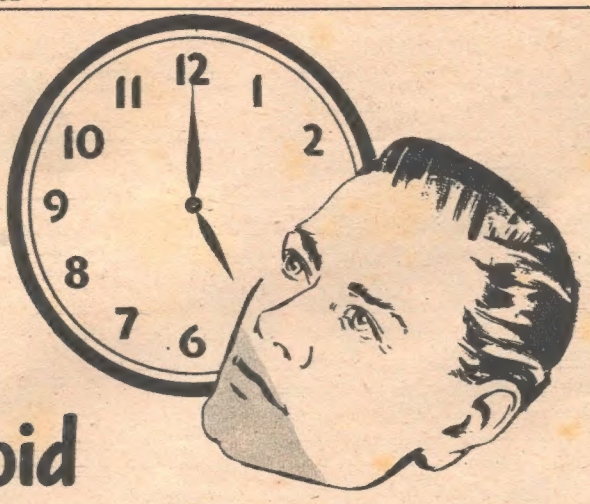
"Where did you learn to tap telephone wires?" he asked.

"The war," I said, "taught me quite a lot of things that I didn't imagine would be of any use to me after it was over."

He was very silent as we rode back to our camp and several times I caught him looking at me with a worried frown.

As we sat over our food that evening, he tried to question me about my plans, but I kept on putting him off and in the end I walked down to the edge of the creek and sat there smoking. Every now and then, I glanced at the luminous dial of my watch. And as the hands crept slowly round to zero hour, the sense of nervousness increased.

At twenty to eleven, I walked back to where the two of them sat smoking round the blackened embers of the fire. The night was very dark. There were no stars. A cold wind drifted



Avoid '5 o'clock Shadow' with Ever-Ready Corrux Blades

You get cleaner, smoother, all day shaves with Ever-Ready Corrux Blades. Made from the best heavy surgical steel they take a sharper, longer lasting edge, and with blade after blade you get the same close gentle shaves.

Ever-Ready

CORRUX Blades

Both suffer from INDIGESTION

One takes Maclean BRAND Stomach Powder

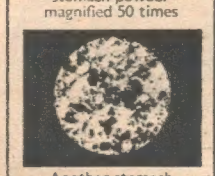
Indigestion need not make your life a misery. Maclean brand stomach powder or tablets will give you real relief from *all* the symptoms of indigestion — heartburn, acidity, flatulence, stomach pains.

REALLY PROFOUND RELIEF

Maclean brand preparations mean really *effective* relief from pain. These two photomicrographs show you why.

You can see how much *finer-ground* the Macleans particles are. It is this that ensures the even assimilation into the system that gives such profound relief from pain.

Maclean brand stomach powder magnified 50 times

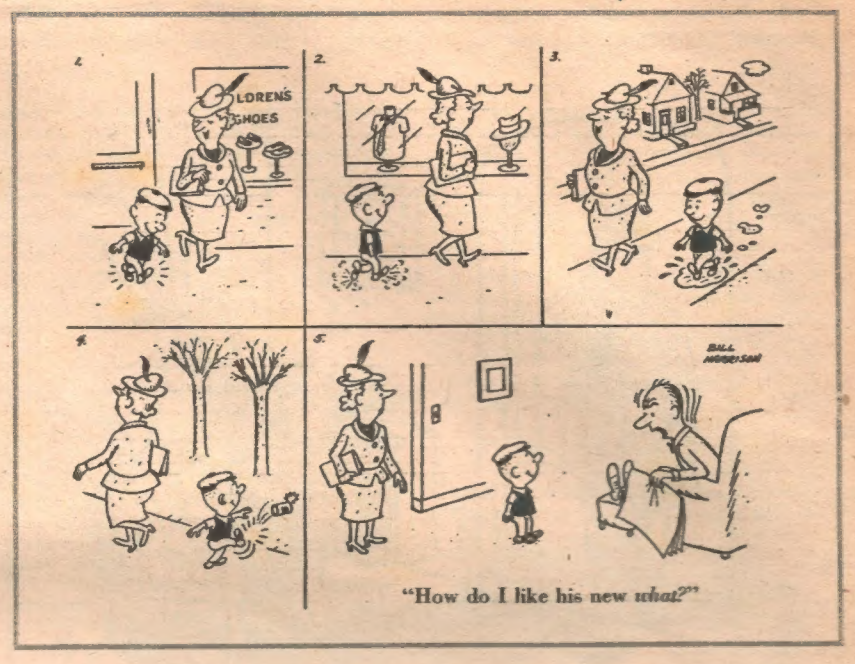


Another stomach preparation also magnified 50 times

MACLEAN BRAND
Stomach Powder & Tablets

POWDER for home use. 1/9d. 3/- & 7/-

TABLETS for use in travel or at work. 1/- 1/9d. & 3/-



"How do I like his new *what?*"

down the valley. "What about your snow?" I asked Boy.

"It'll come," he said.

"When?"

Something touched my face—a cold kiss, light as a feather. More followed. "It's here now," Boy said. I shone my torch into the darkness. A flurry of white flakes was drifting across the clearing. "Going to be cold up by the dam, if we get there."

I glanced at my watch again. Ten forty-five. "Bill."

"Yeah?"

"Get on your horse and ride up the road to the bend just before the gate. Tether your horse in the timber and work your way unobserved to a point where you can watch the guard hut. Now listen carefully. At eleven fifteen exactly the guard will get a phone call. As a result of that call he should leave immediately, going up the road towards the hoist on foot. If he hasn't left by eleven twenty-five, come back as fast as you can and let us know."

"And if he does?"

"Wait till he's out of earshot, then open the gate and block it open. Get your horse and follow him up without his knowing. Okay? About a mile up the road there's a trail cutting straight over a rocky bluff. He should take that trail. Wait for us there to let us know whether he took it or kept to the road. I also want to know the exact time he started up the trail. When we've passed, ride back down here, collect the two remaining horses and get part of the way up the pony trail to the Kingdom before camping. We'll see you up at the Kingdom tomorrow, if all goes well. If by any chance we're not in the Kingdom by the time you get there, then I'm afraid you'll have to come down again with the horses. All right?"

He went through his instructions and then I checked his watch with mine. "Good luck," he said as he mounted his horse. "And see you don't make me come down off the Kingdom again. I kinda want to see a rig operating up there now." He grinned and waved his hand as he rode out of the clearing.

"What now?" Boy asked.

I glanced at my watch. Eleven o'clock. "Come on," I said. "Time we were moving."

A MOMENT later, I was climbing a fir tree that stood close against the telephone wires. I had my phone box slung round my neck. I clipped the wires on and waited, my eyes on my watch. At eleven fifteen exactly, I lifted my receiver and wound the handle in a single long ring. There was no answer. I repeated the ring. Then suddenly a voice was crackling in my ears. "Valley guard."

I held the mouthpiece well away from me. "Trevedian here," I bawled, deepening my voice. "I've had a report——"

Another voice chipped in on the line. "Butler, Slide Camp, here. What's the trouble?"

"Get off the line, Butler," I shouted. "I'm talking to the Valley guard. Valley guard?"

"Yes, Mr. Trevedian."

"I've had a report of some falls occurring a couple of miles up from you. Go up and investigate. It's by that first overhang just after the hairpin bends."

"It'd be quicker to send a truck down from the camp. They could send a gang down——"

"I'm not bringing a truck down through this snow on a vague report," I yelled at him. "You're nearest. You get up there and see what it's all about. There's a short cut——"

"But, Mr. Trevedian. There's a truck just gone up. He'll be able to report at the other——"

"Will you stop making excuses for getting a little snow down your damned neck? Get up there and report back to me. That's an order. And take that short cut. It'll save you a good fifteen minutes. Now get moving." I banged the receiver down and stayed there for a moment, clinging to the tree, trembling so much from nervous exhaustion that I was in danger of falling.

"Are you coming down?" Boy called up.

"No," I said. "Not for a moment." I lifted the receiver again and placed it reluctantly to my ears. But the line was dead. Neither the man at the camp nor the guard had apparently dared to ring back. As the minutes passed, I began to feel easier. I glanced at my watch. Eleven twenty-three. The guard should be well up the road by now. I reached into my pack, pulled out a pair of pliers and cut both wires close by my clips. The clips sprung free and I packed the telephone away and climbed down.

"Got rid of the guard?" Boy asked.

"I think so," I said. "If Bill isn't here in the next five minutes we'll know for sure."

We waited in silence after that. It was very dark. The snow made a gentle, murmuring sound as it fell and the wind stirred the tops of the firs. From behind us came the sound of water. Every now and then I glanced at my watch and as the minute hand crept slowly to the half-hour, my nervousness increased. One of the trucks might have developed engine trouble. Or they might have got bogged down.

Suddenly Boy's hand gripped my arm. Above the now familiar sounds of water, wind and snow, I thought I heard a steady, distant murmur like the rattle of tanks in a parallel valley. The sound steadily grew and then a beam of light glowed yellow through the curtain of the snow. The light increased steadily till we could see each other's faces and the shape of the trees around us. Two eyes suddenly thrust the black dots of the snow aside and an instant later the black shape of a diesel truck showed in the murk and panted to a stop. I glanced at my watch. It was eleven thirty exactly.

To be continued next week

MY SECRET MISSION FOR HITLER

Continued from page 13

Italian found it difficult to refuse. He promised to do his best. We now held a strong trump.

Meanwhile General Student had summoned the glider pilots and reminded them of the need for careful landings. He specifically forbade any crash landing. When we went out to the machines, I took the Italian general with me in the third glider and placed him next to me on the narrow bench, squeezed together like sardines. We had barely enough space for our weapons. Already the Italian, who had climbed in with me somewhat reluctantly, was regretting the promise he had made.

I looked at my wrist watch. It was exactly 1 p.m., the time arranged for the take-off. I gave the signal to start. Slowly we rose in vast curves and the chain of gliders headed north-east. Immense white banks of clouds floated at about 10,000 feet. If they persisted we should reach our objective without being detected and make a surprise landing through the clouds.

Two Planes Disappeared

We flew through a massive cloud bank and reached a height of 11,000 feet. When we came out into the sunlight again the pilot of the plane towing us informed me that planes numbers one and two had disappeared. It was a disturbing piece of news.

"We will lead," I told the pilot. Then, with a penknife, I cut holes in the canvas right and left and between my legs so that I could distinguish at least the main features of the land over which we were flying. Thanks to glimpses of conspicuous landmarks—a bridge here, a crossroads there—I managed to get my bearings.

A few minutes before zero hour, I recognized the valley of Aquila below us. Looking down on to the road, I could see the trucks bearing the vanguard of our parachutists swiftly up the mountain towards the terminal station of the funicular.

Below us loomed the Hotel del Gran Sasso. I ordered my men to stand by and told the pilot to release our glider.

Suddenly a great silence fell upon us, broken only by the rushing of the wind about our wings. The pilot flew in a series of wide circles, seeking, as anxiously as I was, our exact landing point on the gently sloping meadow. And now another shock. I saw that the "gently sloping meadow" was steep, almost precipitous. It had a slope like a ski jump.

Orders Were Defied

We were now much closer to the plateau than we had been on our reconnaissance flight. I saw at once that it was impossible to land there. The pilot understood this, too, and turned towards me questioningly. I was faced with a difficult decision. If we obeyed General Student's explicit order for a safe landing, it was impossible to carry out the operation. If we were to go through with the job, we would have to crash-land, in complete defiance of the orders I had received.

I made up my mind quickly.

"Crash-landing as near as possible to the hotel!" I ordered.

Without hesitation, the pilot dipped our left wing and we went into a steep dive. The whistling of the wind rose to a howl as we rushed towards the ground. There was a violent jolt, a sound of cracking and shattering. I closed my eyes for a moment. Then there was a final jolt and the glider came to rest.

Already the first of my men was emerging through the opening, the door of which had been swept off. I fell sideways out of the glider and followed.

NEXT WEEK: I reach the Duce without firing a shot

FROM MY FAMILY ALBUM

The photograph on page 21 is of Leslie Henson as a child.

JOIN THEM in the RIVIERA SUNSHINE!

Never will you forget your first breath-taking glimpse of the Riviera coast from the air—and every hour of your *Bullets* holiday at Menton (seen above) will add its happy memories

SHOWING her husband a telegram from JOHN BULL is Mrs. P. Payne (17 North Avenue, West Worthing). It thrilled this thirty-two year old housewife with the news that she had won £500 plus Riviera holiday for two in *Bullets*. In August, Mr. and Mrs. Payne will fly off by B.E.A. Elizabethan for a glorious holiday in the Mediterranean sunshine. Equally thrilling can be a telegram for *you* on Friday, July 18—news of a £500 fortune and a double invitation to join Mr. and Mrs. Payne in the *Bullets* Riviera Party. But that telegram can come to you only if you post your coupon below by Monday, July 7.

£500 "BULLETS" FIRST PRIZE CASH PLUS 10-DAY RIVIERA HOLIDAY for TWO

Winner and companion fly B.E.A. to Riviera. Luxurious accommodation at Hotel de Paris, Menton, also tour along Italian coast to San Remo and Alassio, provided by JOHN BULL through Cook's. (Cash offer in lieu if winner cannot join party.)

1,569 OTHER PRIZES
£50, £25, £10, £9, £8, £7, £6, 2 of £5, 10 of £2. 10s., 50 of 10s.
1,500 "GOOD SHOT" AWARDS

"3-DINNER" BONUSES

Whole Roast Chicken, Ham and Tongue (all tinned) accompany each of the 20 chief prizes won with *Bullet* which was one of four or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

HOW TO WIN

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "EXAMPLES"

For Queen And Country
Bars The Way To Peace
To Sell The Goods
Admiral Sam
Cruelty To Children
Put Up With
Tommy Of Today
Perfect Wife
Tarnished The Glamour
Dose Of Prison
Two's Company, But
Not To Be Frightened
At Our Village Show
Bowled Out The Visitor
Public Nuisance No. 1
Their TV Struck And
Carrot For The Donkey
Exhausted
Golden Memory
As The Sun Went Down

Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions

We Have Our....., So
If It Doesn't.....
With An Air Of.....
How Not To.....
Made A Lot Of.....
.....For A Home

NOTE.—You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in same envelope covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "Combined," top left-hand corner.

POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 1,841 (or Xword 793) "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

RULES 1: First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are full rate. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests (in *Bulletin* and *Gazette*, dated July 26, and in JOHN BULL dated August 2), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

"Bullets" Winners 1,836

FIRST PRIZE, £500 plus Family Seaside Holiday: Mrs. J. H. Mortimer, 8 Birchdale Gardens, Chadwell Heath:
In The World's Garden Only "Fairies"—Industry, Enterprise!

£50 plus Family Holiday: J. K. Hindley, 15 Trevor Road, Swinton, Lancs: WE CAN'T AFFORD — TO "EXPORT" *Rises*, UNIONS!

£25 plus Family Holiday: W. F. Goodall, 63 Redcliffe Street, Keighley: THE FISHING INDUSTRY—HAS BECOME *Fishy* INDUSTRY!

OTHER AWARDS. £10: G. Parker, S.C.E.O.(L), H.M.S. *Alaunia*, Devonport: SEASIDE KILLJOY—TO *Respect*, DANGEROUS CURRENT. £9: G. H. Parsons, 64 Old Road West, Gravesend: WE CAN'T AFFORD — *Fifteen-year-olds* BRINGING HOME WAGES. £8: G. M. Wilson, 53 Armley Ridge Road, Leeds: BEWILDERED MAN — GERMAN — EXCEPT AT JOB! £7: W. Rivers, 117A Highgate Road, Birmingham: WITH ONE LOOK—EVE ASSESSES, CARESSES, "POSSESSES"! £6: J. Rodgers, 147 Sutton Road Huthwaite, Mansfield: THE GERMANS' INDUSTRY—MAKES WATCHING *Neighbours* "SWEAT." £5: W. Hanwell, 23 Albert Street, Darlaston: THING TO KEEP—UNMUZZLED, HOWEVER "BITING"—PRESS. £5: Miss M. Mills, 1 Rose Terrace, Addingham, Ilkley: TAKES ALL MY APPETITE—WATCHING SHOP FLIES EAT.

For ten winners of £2 10s. see *"Bullets" Bulletin*.

30 Prizes of 10s. and 1,500 "Good Shot" Prizes have also been posted.

SWISS HOLIDAYS in next week's JOHN BULL!

FINE SUMMER PRIZES FOR XWORDS!

This Way To Win

FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues below. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one*, *two* or *three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

Across Clues **XWORD 793**

1. You can be left with a shell after certain kind of this
4. They have a truly magical effect on some people
5. Such a person may be very difficult to influence in any way
6. Hearing this, you'd be unlikely to mistake the sound for anything else
10. If pedlar tries to make you think his are heavy, it might be to gain sympathy
12. Good pastrycook filling his shop window congratulates himself his pastry is this
13. Black ones may not really be so black as they are supposed to be
14. What is called this sometimes fails to sparkle at all

Down Clues

1. Sort of thing to interest farmer
2. Many a time an expert may have considerable difficulty in finding where it is
3. Some people think there's something unnatural about such a man
7. Youth's fire may well turn to these as years roll on
8. People entering Church are no longer
9. Overcrowded family is sometimes found a home out of
11. Eleven is the number you may well think of if somebody speaks of this

£100 1st PRIZE CASH PLUS
£25 SEASIDE HOLIDAY
(If prize shared, £25 Holiday Cash similarly divided)

AWARDS VALUE £25
amongst 1st Runners-up and up to
50 SURPRISE PARCELS
containing 20 extras to help fill your larder—one Parcel with each Runner-up Award value 10s. or over.

Up to 500 "SIGNPOST" PRIZES — one for each 2nd Runner-up

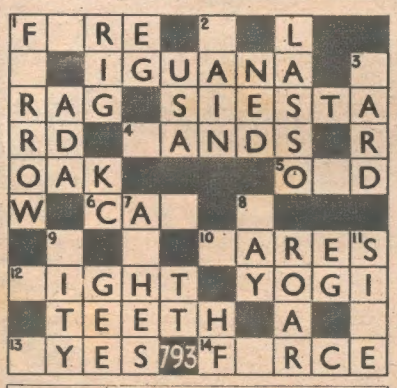
XWORD 788 RESULT

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Dark. 3, Pitch. 5, Bands. 8, Valve. 9, Infect. 14, Goat. 15, Pegs. DOWN: 2, Knaves. 4, Hoot. 6, Wail. 7, Inept. 10, Ban. 11, Pars. 12, Dig. 13, Hit.

SIX £100 SHARERS: W. Ball, 34 Jackson Road, London, N.7; Miss E. D. Goodchild, 117A Brighton Road, Hooley, Coulsdon, Surrey; A. Smith, 63 Cremorne Street, Meadows, Nottingham; J. R. Wolfe, 93 Levett Gardens, Seven Kings; Miss S. M. Woollard, 29 Woodmere Way, Park Langley, Beckenham, Kent; Mrs. A. Yates, 7 Gaskarth Road, London, S.W.12. Winners also share £25 Holiday Cash.

Awards value £25 for 1st Runners-up shared by 99 entrants. Useful "Signpost" Prizes awarded to 2nd Runners-up.

WIN £100 and HOLIDAY with this COUPON



CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

Puzzle and form strictly copyright **793** Closing Postmark MON. JULY 7

I enclose P.O. value ..... No. .....

Signed.....

Address.....

.....

In adjudication all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.) and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.). Use ink not pencil.

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated July 19.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature indicates agreement to Rules.

EXAMPLE ..... 6d.

BULLET

EX. ..... 6d.

B. .....

EX. ..... 6d.

B. .....

EX. .....
B. ..... EXTRA TWO FOR 6d.
EX. .....
B. .....

Closing Postmark **1,841** Monday, JULY 7

I agree to Rules and enclose P.O.

Value .....

No. .....

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

FOR GIANT "MAGIC CARPET" OFFER, APPLY for this "BULLETIN"

With this coupon (which you can enclose with your entry) send P.O. 1s. for six weeks' *Bulletin* and *Gazette* at REDUCED SERIES RATE—first copy dated July 19. Every issue contains extra *Bullets* winners to guide you to success.

P.O. 1s. No.....

FREE!

New entrants, simply complete this label for free and post free specimen *Bulletin*.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

654

Printed in Great Britain by Odhams (Watford) Ltd., and Published by Odhams Press Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Registered for transmission to Canada (including Newfoundland). Postage on single copies: Inland and Abroad, 1½d.; Canada, 1d. Agencies for Australia and New Zealand Gordon & Gotch Ltd. For South Africa: Central News Agency Ltd. CONDITIONS OF SALE: This periodical shall not, without the written consent of the publishers, be lent, resold or hired out except at the full retail price of 4d., or otherwise disposed of in any unauthorized cover, by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

"Kensitas—that's Good!"

This young and lovely debutante—
As every nice girl should—
Prefers the best when lighting up:
A Kensitas—that's good!

(Kensitas—that's good Virginia tobacco)

He has no round of pleasure but
A life of hardihood!
And when at last the fire is out—
Ah! Kensitas—that's good!

(Kensitas taste better)

He's off to France and Spain and then
He's off to Hollywood!
He travels best who smokes the best,
A Kensitas—that's good!

(The best tobacco is bought for Kensitas)

MELLOW, GOOD-TASTING FOR GOOD SMOKING

KENSITAS — THAT'S GOOD VIRGINIA TOBACCO